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STANDARD IV.

ENGLISH CODE.

For Ordinary Pass.

To read with intelligence a few lines of poetry selected by the Inspector, and to recite from memory fifty lines of poetry.

N.B.—The passages for recitation may be taken from one or more standard authors, previously approved by the Inspector. Meaning and allusions to be known, and if well known to atone for deficiencies of memory.

For Special Grant (Art. 19, C. 1).

Parsing of a simple sentence.

SCOTCH CODE.

For Ordinary Pass.

Reading intelligently a passage from some history book in use in the school, with parts of speech and explanation of sentences.

The Special Grant under Art. 19, C. 1, Scotch Code, depends in this and higher Standards on History and Geography.

In specific subject—English Literature and Language, 1st year.

(Art. 21 and Schedule IV., Scotch Code.)

Two hundred lines of poetry, got by heart, with knowledge of meaning and allusions,

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BOOK IV.

NO. 1. COWPER'S PETS.—PART I.

IN the year 1774, being much indisposed both in mind and body, incapable of diverting myself either with company or books, and yet in a condition that made some diversion necessary, I was glad of anything that would engage my attention without fatiguing it. The children of a neighbour of mine had a leveret given them for a plaything; it was at that time about three months old. Understanding better how to tease the poor creature than to feed it, and soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it pining and growing leaner every day, should offer it to my acceptance. I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection, perceiving that in the management of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment which my case required. It was soon known among the neighbours that I was pleased with the present; and the consequence was that in a short time I had as many leverets offered to me as would have stocked a paddock. I under-

took the care of three, called Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in, so contrived that they were kept perfectly sweet and clean. In the day-time they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up, and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows, that they might not molest him (for, like many other wild animals, they persecute one of their own species that is sick), and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery, a sentiment which he expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers—a ceremony which he never performed but once again upon a similar occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of a cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening; in the leaves also of

that vine he found a favourite repast. I had not long habituated him to this state of liberty before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth and pull it with all his force. Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed, the shyness of his nature was done away, and on the whole it was visible, by many symptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

Not so Tiney : upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He, too, was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention ; but if, after his recovery, I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his fore-feet, spring forward, and bite. He was, however, very entertaining in his way ; even his surliness was matter of mirth ; and in his play he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such a solemnity of manner, that in him, too, I had an agreeable companion.

No. 2. COWPER'S PETS.—PART II.

BESS, who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humour and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage; Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Bess had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlour after supper, when, the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk, and bound and play a thousand gambols, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest. One evening the cat, being in the room, had the hardiness to pat Bess upon the cheek, an indignity which he resented by drumming upon her back with such violence, that the cat was happy to escape from under his paws, and hide herself.

I describe these animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were, in fact, and their countenances were so expressive of that character, that when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is said, that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with their features, that he can distinguish each from all the rest, and yet, to a common observer, the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the same

discrimination in the cast of countenances would be discoverable in hares, and am persuaded that among a thousand of them no two could be found exactly similar. These creatures have a singular sagacity in discovering the minutest alteration that is made in the place to which they are accustomed, and instantly apply their noses to the examination of a new object. A small hole being burnt in the carpet, it was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the strictest scrutiny. They seem too to be very much directed by the smell in the choice of their favourites; to some persons, though they saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them; but a miller coming in engaged their affections at once; his powdered coat had claims that were irresistible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with these specimens of the kind has taught me to hold the sportsman's amusement in abhorrence; he little knows what amiable creatures he persecutes, of what gratitude they are capable, how cheerful they are in their spirits, what enjoyment they have of life, and that impressed as they seem with a peculiar dread of man, it is only because man gives them peculiar cause for it.

✓ Bess, I have said, died young; Tiney lived to be nine years old, and died at last, I have reason to think, of some hurt in his loins by a fall; Puss

is still living, and has just completed his tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he has grown more discreet and less frolicsome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance, a spaniel that had never seen a hare, to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. I did it with great caution, but there was no real need of it, Puss discovered no token of fear, nor Marquis the least symptom of hostility. There is, therefore, it should seem, no natural antipathy between dog and hare, but the pursuit of the one occasions the flight of the other, and the dog pursues because he is trained to it; they eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are in all respects sociable and friendly.

Note found among Mr. Cowper's papers.

Tuesday, March 9, 1786.

This day died poor Puss, aged eleven years eleven months. He died between twelve and one at noon, of mere old age, and apparently without pain.

NO. 3. THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,

Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite ;
When looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark ;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent—

Did you admire my lamp, quoth he,
As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song ;
For 'twas the self-same Power divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine ;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.

The songster heard his short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Releas'd him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

W. COWPER.

No. 4. THE WRECK OF THE 'HESPERUS.'

It was the schooner 'Hesperus'
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank ;
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed
On the billows fall and rise.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

No. 5. BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

It was about the time when King Robert Bruce
was in his greatest difficulties that an incident
took place, which, although it rests only on tra-
dition in families of the name of Bruce, is con-

dered probable by the manners of the time. After receiving the last unpleasant intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed, and deliberating with himself whether he had not better resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brothers to the Holy Land, and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens. But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to Scotland, while there yet remained the least chance of his being successful in an undertaking, which, rightly considered, was much more his duty than to drive the infidels out of Palestine, though the superstition of his age might think otherwise.

While he was divided betwixt these reflections, and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay, and his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was endeavouring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as

often unable to do so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials; and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. "Now," thought Bruce, "as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread, and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go to the wars in Palestine and never return to my native country more."

While Bruce was forming this resolution, the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he had never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards sustained any considerable or decisive check or defeat. I have often met with people of the name of Bruce so completely persuaded of the truth of this story that they would not on any account kill a spider, because it was that insect which had shown the example of perseverance and given a signal of good luck to their great namesake.

Having determined to renew his efforts to obtain possession of Scotland, notwithstanding the smallness of the means which he had for accomplishing so great a purpose, the Bruce removed himself and his followers from Bachrin to the island of Arran, which lies in the mouth of the Clyde. The King landed and inquired of the first woman he met what armed men were in the island. She returned for answer, that there had arrived there very lately a body of armed strangers, who had defeated an English officer, the governor of the castle of Brathwick, had killed him and most of his men, and were now amusing themselves with hunting about the island. The King, having caused himself to be guided to the woods which these strangers most frequented, there blew his horn repeatedly. Now, the chief of the strangers who had taken the castle was James Douglas, who is well known in history as one of the best of Bruce's friends, and he was accompanied by some of the bravest of that patriotic band. When he heard Robert Bruce's horn he knew the sound well, and cried out that yonder was the King, he knew by his manner of blowing. So he and his companions hastened to meet King Robert, and there was great joy on both sides; whilst at the same time they could not help weeping when they considered their own forlorn condition and the great loss that had taken place among their friends since they had last parted. But they

were stout-hearted men, and looked forward to freeing their country, in spite of all that had yet happened.

NO. 6. ADVENTURES OF BRUCE.

ON one occasion Bruce and his foster-brother had rested themselves in a wood, but they had got no food, and were become extremely hungry. They walked on, however, in hopes of coming to some habitation. At length, in the midst of the forest, they met with three men who looked like thieves or ruffians. They were well armed, and one of them bore a sheep on his back, which it seemed as if they had just stolen. They saluted the King civilly; and he, replying to their salutation, asked them where they were going. The men answered, they were seeking for Robert Bruce, for that they intended to join with him. The King answered, that if they would go with him, he would conduct them where they would find the Scottish King. Then the man who had spoken changed countenance, and Bruce, who looked sharply at him, began to suspect that the ruffian guessed who he was, and that he and his companions had some design against his person, in order to gain the reward which had been offered for his life. ✓

So he said to them, "My good friends, as we are not well acquainted with each other, you

must go before us, and we will follow near to you."

"You have no occasion to suspect any harm from us," answered the man.

"Neither do I suspect any," said Bruce; "but this is the way in which I choose to travel."

The men did as he commanded, and thus they travelled till they came together to a waste and ruinous cottage, where the men proposed to dress some part of the sheep which their companion was carrying. The King was glad to hear of food; but he insisted that there should be two fires kindled, one for himself and his foster-brother at one end of the house, the other at the other end for their three companions. The men did as he desired. They broiled a quarter of mutton for themselves, and gave another to the King and his attendant. They were obliged to eat it without bread or salt, but as they were very hungry they were glad to get food in any shape, and partook of it very heartily.

Then so heavy a drowsiness fell on King Robert, that, for all the danger he was in, he could not resist an inclination to sleep. But first he desired his foster-brother to watch while he slept, for he had great suspicion of their new acquaintances. His foster-brother promised to keep awake, and did his best to keep his word. But the King had not been long asleep ere his foster-brother fell into a deep slumber also, for he

had undergone as much fatigue as the King. When the three villains saw the King and his attendant asleep, they made signs to each other, and rising up at once, drew their swords with the purpose to kill them both. But the King slept but lightly, and for as little noise as the traitors made in rising, he was awakened by it, and, starting up, drew his sword and went to meet them. At the same moment he pushed his foster-brother with his foot to awaken him, and he got on his feet; but ere he got his eyes cleared to see what was about to happen, one of the ruffians that were advancing to slay the King killed him with a stroke of his sword. The King was now alone, one man against three, and in the greatest danger of his life; but his amazing strength and the good armour which he wore freed him once more from this great peril, and he killed the three men one after another. He then left the cottage, very sorrowful for the death of his faithful foster-brother, and took his direction towards the place where he had appointed his men to assemble after their dispersion. It was now near night, and the place of meeting being a farmhouse, he went boldly into it, where he found the mistress, an old true-hearted Scotswoman, sitting alone. Upon seeing a stranger enter, she asked who and what he was. The King answered that he was a traveller, who was journeying through the country.

"All travellers," answered the good woman, "are welcome here, for the sake of one."

"And who is that one," said the King, "for whose sake you make all travellers welcome?"

"It is our rightful king, Robert the Bruce," answered the mistress, "who is the lawful lord of this country; and although he is now pursued and hunted after with hounds and horns, I hope to live to see him King over all Scotland."

"Since you love him so well, dame," said the King, "know that you see him before you. I am Robert the Bruce."

"You!" said the good woman, in great surprise; "and wherefore are you thus alone?—where are all your men?"

"I have none with me at this moment," answered Bruce, "and therefore I must travel alone."

"But that shall not be," said the brave old dame, "for I have two stout sons, gallant and trusty men, who shall be your servants for life and death."

So she brought her two sons, and though she well knew the dangers to which she exposed them, she made them swear fidelity to the King; and they afterwards became high officers in his service.

Now, the loyal old woman was getting everything ready for the King's supper, when suddenly there was a great trampling of horses heard round the house. They thought it must be some of the

English, or John of Lorn's men, and the good wife called upon her sons to fight to the last for King Robert. But shortly after they heard the voice of the Good Lord James of Douglas, and of Edward Bruce, the King's brother, who had come with a hundred and fifty horsemen to this farmhouse, according to the instructions that the King had left with them at parting.

Robert the Bruce was right joyful to meet his brother and his faithful friend Lord James; and had no sooner found himself once more at the head of such a considerable body of followers, than, forgetting hunger and weariness, he began to inquire where the enemy who had pursued them so long had taken up their abode for the night; "for," said he, "as they must suppose us totally scattered and fled, it is likely that they will think themselves quite secure, and disperse themselves into distant quarters, and keep careless watch."

"That is very true," answered James of Douglas, "for I passed a village where there are two hundred of them quartered, who had placed no sentinels; and if you have a mind to make haste we may surprise them this very night, and do them more mischief than they have been able to do us during all this day's chase."

Then there was nothing but mount and ride and as the Scots came by surprise on the body of English whom Douglas had mentioned, and

rushed suddenly into the village where they were quartered, they easily dispersed and cut them to pieces; thus, as Douglas had said, doing their pursuers more injury than they themselves had received during the long and severe pursuit of the preceding day.

The consequence of these successes of King Robert was, that soldiers came to join him on all sides, and that he obtained several victories both over Sir Aymer de Valence, Lord Clifford, and other English commanders; until at length the English were afraid to venture into the open country as formerly, unless when they could assemble themselves in considerable bodies.

No. 7. TAKING OF ROXBURGH CASTLE.

You must know Roxburgh was a very large castle situated near where two fine rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, join each other. Being within five or six miles of England, the English were extremely desirous of retaining it, and the Scots equally eager to obtain possession of it. I will tell you how it was taken.

It was upon the night of what is called Shrovetide, a holiday which Roman Catholics paid great respect to, and solemnized with much gaiety and feasting. Most of the garrison of Roxburgh Castle were drinking and carousing, but still

they had set watches on the battlements of the castle, in case of any sudden attack ; for, as the Scots had succeeded in so many enterprises of the kind, and as Douglas was known to be in the neighbourhood, they conceived themselves obliged to keep a very strict guard.

An Englishwoman, the wife of one of the officers, was sitting on the battlements with her child in her arms ; and looking out on the fields below, she saw some black objects, like a herd of cattle, straggling near the foot of the wall, and approaching the ditch or moat of the castle. She pointed them out to the sentinel, and asked him what they were. " Pooh, pooh," said the soldier, " it is farmer such-a-one's cattle," (naming a man whose farm lay near to the castle) ; " the good man is keeping a jolly Shrovetide, and has forgot to shut up his bullocks in their yard ; but if the Douglas come across them before morning, he is likely to rue his negligence." Now these creeping objects which they saw from the castle wall were no real cattle, but Douglas himself and his soldiers, who had put black cloaks above their armour, and were creeping about on hands and feet, in order, without being observed, to get so near to the foot of the castle wall as to be able to set ladders to it. The poor woman, who knew nothing of this, sat quietly on the wall, and began to sing to her child. You must know that the name of Douglas had become so terrible to

the English that the women used to frighten their children with it, and say to them when they behaved ill, that they "would make the Black Douglas take them." And this soldier's wife was singing to her child,

"Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
The Black Douglas shall not get ye."

"You are not so sure of that," said a voice close beside her. She felt at the same time a heavy hand, with an iron glove, laid on her shoulder, and when she looked round she saw the very Black Douglas she had been singing about standing close beside her—a tall, swarthy, strong man. At the same time another Scotsman was seen ascending the walls near to the sentinel. The soldier gave the alarm and rushed at the Scotsman, whose name was Simon Ledehouse, with his lance; but Simon parried the stroke, and closing with the sentinel, struck him a deadly blow with his dagger. The rest of the Scots followed up to assist Douglas and Ledehouse, and the castle was taken. Many of the soldiers were put to death, but Douglas protected the woman and the child. I dare say she made no more songs about the Black Douglas.

SCOTT.

No. 8. BRUCE TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae* wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led ;
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victory !

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lower ;
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slavery !

Wha would be a traitor knave ?
Wha would fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae† base as be a slave ?
Let him turn and flee !

Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword would strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',‡
Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
By your sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurper low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Let us do, or die !

ROBERT BURNS.

* Who have.

† So.

‡ Fall.

No. 9. BANNOCKBURN.

BRUCE spoke to the soldiers, and expressed his determination to gain the victory, or to lose his life on the field of battle. He desired that all those who did not propose to fight to the last should leave the field before the battle began, and that none should remain except those who were determined to take the issue of victory or death, as God should send it.

When the main body of his army was thus placed in order, the King posted Randolph, with a body of horse, near to the church of St. Ninian's, commanding him to use the utmost diligence to prevent any succours from being thrown into Stirling Castle. He then dispatched James of Douglas, and Sir Robert Keith, the Mareschal of the Scottish army, in order that they might survey, as nearly as they could, the English force, which was now approaching from Falkirk. They returned with information, that the approach of that vast host was one of the most beautiful and terrible sights which could be seen,—that the whole country seemed covered with men-at-arms on horse and foot,—that the number of standards, banners, and pennons (all flags of different kinds), made so gallant a show, that the bravest and most numerous host in Christendom might be alarmed to see King Edward moving against them.

It was upon the 23rd of June (1314) the King

of Scotland heard the news, that the English army were approaching Stirling. He drew out his army, therefore, in the order which he had before resolved on. After a short time, Bruce, who was looking out anxiously for the enemy, saw a body of English cavalry trying to get into Stirling from the eastward. This was the Lord Clifford, who, with a chosen body of eight hundred horse, had been detached to relieve the castle.

"See, Randolph," said the King to his nephew, "there is a rose fallen from your chaplet." By this he meant, that Randolph had lost some honour, by suffering the enemy to pass where he had been stationed to hinder them. Randolph made no reply, but rushed against Clifford with little more than half his number. The Scots were on foot. The English turned to charge them with their lances, and Randolph drew up his men in close order to receive the onset. He seemed to be in so much danger, that Douglas asked leave of the King to go and assist him. The King refused him permission.

"Let Randolph," he said, "redeem his own fault; I cannot break the order of battle for his sake." Still the danger appeared greater, and the English horse seemed entirely to encompass the small handful of Scottish infantry. "So please you," said Douglas to the King, "my heart will not suffer me to stand idle and see Randolph perish—I must go to his assistance." He rode off

accordingly; but long before they had reached the place of combat, they saw the English horses galloping off, many with empty saddles.

"Halt!" said Douglas to his men, "Randolph has gained the day; since we were not soon enough to help him in the battle, do not let us lessen his glory by approaching the field." Now, that was nobly done; especially as Douglas and Randolph were always contending which should rise highest in the good opinion of the King and the nation.

The van of the English army now came in sight, and a number of their bravest knights drew near to see what the Scots were doing. They saw King Robert dressed in his armour, and distinguished by a gold crown, which he wore over his helmet. He was not mounted on his great war-horse, because he did not expect to fight that evening. But he rode on a little pony up and down the ranks of his army, putting his men in order, and carried in his hand a sort of battle-axe made of steel. When the King saw the English horsemen draw near, he advanced a little before his own men, that he might look at them more nearly.

There was a knight among the English, called Sir Henry de Bohun, who thought this would be a good opportunity to gain great fame to himself, and put an end to the war, by killing King Robert. The King being poorly mounted, and

having no lance, Bohun galloped on him suddenly and furiously, thinking, with his long spear, and his tall powerful horse, easily to bear him down to the ground. King Robert saw him, and permitted him to come very near, then suddenly turned his pony a little to one side, so that Sir Henry missed him with the lance-point, and was in the act of being carried past him by the career of his horse. But as he passed, King Robert rose up in his stirrups, and struck Sir Henry on the head with his battle-axe so terrible a blow, that it broke to pieces his iron helmet as if it had been a nutshell, and hurled him from his saddle. He was dead before he reached the ground. This gallant action was blamed by the Scottish leaders, who thought Bruce ought not to have exposed himself to so much danger when the safety of the whole army depended on him. The King only kept looking at his weapon, which was injured by the force of the blow, and said, "I have broken my good battle-axe."

The next morning, being the 24th of June, at break of day, the battle began in terrible earnest. The English as they advanced saw the Scots getting into line. The Abbot of Inchaffray walked through their ranks barefooted, and exhorted them to fight for their freedom. They kneeled down as he passed, and prayed to Heaven for victory. King Edward, who saw this, called out, "They kneel down—they are asking forgive-

ness." "Yes," said a celebrated English baron called Ingelram de Umphraville, "but they ask it from God, not from us—these men will conquer, or die upon the field."

The English King ordered his men to begin the battle. The archers then bent their bows, and began to shoot so closely together that the arrows fell like flakes of snow on a Christmas Day. They killed many of the Scots, and might, as at Falkirk, and other places, have decided the victory; but Bruce, as I told you before, was prepared for them. He had in readiness a body of men-at-arms, well mounted, who rode at full gallop among the archers, and as they had no weapons save their bows and arrows, which they could not use when they were attacked hand to hand, they were cut down in great numbers by the Scottish horsemen, and thrown into total confusion.

The fine English cavalry then advanced to support their archers, and to attack the Scottish line. But coming over the ground which was dug full of pits, the horses fell into those holes, and the riders lay tumbling about, without any means of defence, and unable to rise from the weight of their armour. The Englishmen began to fall into general disorder; and the Scottish King, bringing up more of his forces, attacked and pressed them still more closely.

On a sudden, while the battle was obstinately

maintained on both sides, an event happened which decided the victory. The servants and attendants on the Scottish camp had, as I told you, been sent behind the army to a place afterwards called the Gillies' hill. But when they saw that their masters were likely to gain the day, they rushed from their place of concealment with such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share in the victory and in the spoil. The English, seeing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook this disorderly rabble for a new army coming up to sustain the Scots, and, losing all heart, began to shift every man for himself. Edward himself left the field as fast as he could ride. A valiant knight, Sir Giles de Argentine, much renowned in the wars of Palestine, attended the King till he got him out of the press of the combat. But he would retreat no farther. "It is not my custom," he said, "to fly." With that he took leave of the King, set spurs to his horse, and calling out his war-cry of "Argentine! Argentine!" he rushed into the thickest of the Scottish ranks and was killed.

The young Earl of Gloucester was also slain, fighting valiantly. The Scots would have saved him, but as he had not put on his armorial bearings, they did not know him, and he was cut to pieces.

Edward first fled to Stirling Castle, and entreated admittance; but Sir Philip Mowbray, the

governor, reminded the fugitive sovereign that he was obliged to surrender the castle next day, so Edward was fain to fly through the Torwood, closely pursued by Douglas with a body of cavalry. An odd circumstance happened during the chase, which showed how loosely some of the Scottish barons of that day held their political opinions: As Douglas was riding furiously after Edward, he met a Scottish knight, Sir Laurence Abernethy, with twenty horse. Sir Laurence had hitherto owned the English interest, and was bringing this band of followers to serve King Edward's army. But learning from Douglas that the English King was entirely defeated, he changed sides on the spot, and was easily prevailed upon to join Douglas in pursuing the unfortunate Edward, with the very followers whom he had been leading to join his standard.

Douglas and Abernethy continued the chase, not giving King Edward time to alight from horseback even for an instant, and followed him as far as Dunbar, where the English had still a friend, in the governor, Patrick Earl of March. The Earl received Edward in his forlorn condition, and furnished him with a fishing skiff, or small ship, in which he escaped to England, having entirely lost his fine army, and a great number of his bravest nobles.

The English never before or afterwards, whether in France or Scotland, lost so dreadful a battle as

that of Bannockburn, nor did the Scots ever gain one of the same importance. Many of the best and bravest of the English nobility and gentry, as I have said, lay dead on the field; a great many more were made prisoners; and the whole of King Edward's immense army was dispersed or destroyed.

NO. 10. THE GOODMAN OF BALLENGIECH.

JAMES V., like his father James IV., had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person, in order that he might hear complaints which might not otherwise reach his ears, and, perhaps, that he might enjoy amusements which he could not have partaken of in his avowed royal character. This is also said to have been a custom of James IV., his father, and several adventures are related of what befel them on such occasions. One of these narratives is as follows:—

When James V. travelled in disguise, he used a name which was known only to some of his principal nobility and attendants. He was called the Goodman (the tenant, that is) of Ballengiech. Ballengiech is a steep pass which leads down behind the castle of Stirling. Once upon a time, when the court was feasting in Stirling, the King sent for some venison from the neighbouring hills. The deer was killed and put on horses' backs to

be transported to Stirling. Unluckily they had to pass the castle gates of Arnpryor, belonging to a chief of the Buchanans, who chanced to have a considerable number of guests with him. It was late, and the company were rather short of victuals, though they had more than enough of liquor. The chief, seeing so much fat venison passing his very door, seized on it; and to the expostulations of the keepers, who told him it belonged to King James, he answered insolently, that if James was King in Scotland, he, Buchanan, was King in Kippen; being the name of the district in which the castle of Arnpryor lay. On hearing what had happened, the King got on horseback, and rode instantly from Stirling to Buchanan's house, where he found a strong, fierce-looking Highlander, with an axe on his shoulder, standing sentinel at the door. This grim warder refused the King admittance, saying, that the laird of Arnpryor was at dinner, and would not be disturbed. "Yet go up to the company, my good friend," said the King, "and tell him that the Goodman of Ballengiech is come to feast with the King of Kippen." The porter went grumbling into the house, and told his master that there was a fellow with a red beard at the gate, who called himself the Goodman of Ballengiech, who said he was come to dine with the King of Kippen. As soon as Buchanan heard these words, he knew that the King was come in person, and hastened down to kneel at

James's feet, and to ask forgiveness for his insolent behaviour. But the King, who only meant to give him a fright, forgave him freely, and, going into the castle, feasted on his own venison which Buchanan had intercepted. Buchanan of Arnprior was ever afterwards called the King of Kippen.

Upon another occasion, King James, being alone and in disguise, fell into a quarrel with some gipsies, or rather vagrants, and was assaulted by four or five of them. This chanced to be very near the bridge of Cramond; so the King got on the bridge, which, as it was high and narrow, enabled him to defend himself with his sword against the number of persons by whom he was attacked. There was a poor man thrashing corn in a barn near by, who came out on hearing the noise of the scuffle, and seeing one man defending himself against numbers, gallantly took the King's part with his flail, to such good purpose, that the gipsies were obliged to fly. The husbandman then took the King into the barn, brought him a towel and water to wash the blood from his face and hands, and finally walked with him a little way towards Edinburgh, in case he should be again attacked. On the way, the King asked his companion what and who he was. The labourer answered, that his name was John Howieson, and that he was a bondsman on the farm of Braehead, near Cramond, which belonged to the King of

Scotland. James then asked the poor man if there was any wish in the world which he would particularly desire should be gratified; and honest John confessed he should think himself the happiest man in Scotland were he but proprietor of the farm on which he wrought as a labourer. He then asked the King, in turn, who *he* was; and James replied, as usual, that he was the Goodman of Ballengiech, a poor man who had a small appointment about the palace; but he added, that if John Howieson would come to see him on the next Sunday, he would endeavour to repay his manful assistance, and, at least, give him the pleasure of seeing the royal apartments.

John put on his best clothes, as you may suppose, and appearing at a postern gate of the palace, enquired for the Goodman of Ballengiech. The King had given orders that he should be admitted, and John found his friend, the goodman, in the same disguise which he had formerly worn. The King, still preserving the character of an inferior officer of the household, conducted John Howieson from one apartment of the palace to another, and was amused with his wonder and his remarks. At length James asked his visitor if he should like to see the King, to which John replied, nothing would delight him so much, if he could do so without giving offence. The Goodman of Ballengiech, of course, undertook that the King would not be angry. "But," said John

"how am I to know his grace from the nobles who will be all about him?"—"Easily," replied his companion; "all the others will be uncovered—the King alone will wear his hat or bonnet."

So speaking, King James introduced the countryman into a great hall, which was filled by the nobility and officers of the crown. John was a little frightened, and drew close to his attendant; but was still unable to distinguish the King. "I told you that you should know him by his wearing his hat," said the conductor. "Then," said John, after he had again looked around the room, "it must be either you or me, for all but us two are bareheaded."

The King laughed at John's fancy, and that the good yeoman might have occasion for mirth also, he made him a present of the farm of Braehead, which he had wished so much to possess.

SCOTT.

NO. 11. THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

UNEQUAL combinations, as the following fable shows, are always disadvantageous to the weaker side—the rich having the pleasure, and the poor the inconveniences that result from them.

Once upon a time, a giant and a dwarf were friends, and kept together. They made a bargain that they would never forsake each other, but go seek adventures. The first battle they

fought was with two Saracens, and the dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen very little injury, who, lifting up his sword, fairly struck off the poor dwarf's arm. He was now in a woful plight; but the giant, coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of spite. They then travelled on another adventure. This was against three bloody-minded Satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before; but for all that struck the first blow, which was returned by another that knocked out his eye; but the giant was soon up with them, and, had they not fled, would certainly have killed them every one. They were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel who was relieved fell in love with the giant, and married him. They now travelled far, and farther than I can tell, till they met with a company of robbers. The giant, for the first time, was present now; but the dwarf was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the giant came, all fell before him; but the dwarf had like to have been killed more than once. At last the victory declared for the two adventurers; but the dwarf lost his leg. The dwarf had now lost an arm, a leg, and an eye, while the giant was without a single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little companion,

"My little hero, this is glorious sport ! let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honour for ever !" "No !" cries the dwarf, who was by this time grown wiser ; "no, I declare off ; I'll fight no more ; for I find in every battle that you get all the honours and rewards, but all the blows fall upon me."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

No. 12. ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A
MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song ;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a Man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a Dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, sheep, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This Dog and Man at first were friends ;
But when a pique began,
The Dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the Man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the Dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a Man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the Dog was mad,
They swore the Man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied,
The Man recovered of the bite,
The Dog it was that died !

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

No. 13. REGULUS.

THE first wars that the Romans engaged in beyond the bounds of Italy were with the Carthaginians. The first dispute between Rome and Carthage was about their possession in the island of Sicily ; and the war thus begun had lasted eight years, when it was resolved to send an army to fight the Carthaginians on their own shores. The army and fleet were placed under the com-

mand of the two consuls, Manlius and Regulus. On the way, there was a great sea-fight with the Carthaginian fleet, and this was the first naval battle that the Romans ever gained. It made the way to Africa free; but the soldiers, who had never been so far from home before, murmured, for they expected to meet not only human enemies, but monstrous serpents, lions, and elephants, to have a scorching sun overhead, and a noisome march under their feet. However, Regulus sternly put a stop to all murmurs, by making it known that disaffection would be punished by death, and the army safely landed, he set up a fortification at Clypea, and plundered the whole country round. Orders here came from Rome that Manlius should return thither, but that Regulus should remain to carry on the war. This was a great grief to him. He was a very poor man, with nothing of his own but a little farm of seven acres, and the person whom he had employed to cultivate it had died in his absence; a hired labourer had undertaken the care of it, but had been unfaithful, and had run away with his tools and his cattle; so that he was afraid that, unless he could return quickly, his wife and children would starve. However, the Senate engaged to provide for his family, and he remained.

The country was most beautiful, covered with fertile corn-fields and full of rich fruit-trees, and all the rich Carthaginians had country-houses and

gardens, which were made delicious with fountains, trees, and flowers. The Roman soldiers, plain, hardy, fierce, and pitiless, did, it must be feared, cruel damage among these peaceful scenes; they boasted of having sacked 300 villages, and mercy was not yet known to them.

At length the Carthaginians were victorious, and Regulus himself was seized and dragged into Carthage, where the victors feasted and rejoiced through half the night.

Regulus was kept a close prisoner for two years, pining and sickening in his loneliness, while in the meantime the war continued, and at last a victory so decisive was gained by the Romans, that the people of Carthage were discouraged, and resolved to ask terms of peace. They thought that no one would be so readily listened to at Rome as Regulus, and they therefore sent him there with their envoys, having first made him swear that he would come back to his prison if there should neither be peace nor an exchange of prisoners. They little knew how much more a true-hearted Roman cared for his city than for himself—for his word than for his life.

Worn and dejected, the captive warrior came to the outside of the gates of his own city, and there paused, refusing to enter. "I am no longer a Roman citizen," he said; "I am but the barbarians' slave, and the Senate may not give audience to strangers within the walls."

His wife Marcia ran out to greet him, with his two sons, but he did not look up, and received their caresses as one beneath their notice, as a mere slave, and he continued, in spite of all entreaty, to remain outside the city, and would not even go to the little farm he had loved so well.

The Roman Senate, as he would not come in to them, came out to hold their meeting in the Campagna.

The ambassadors spoke first, then Regulus, standing up, said, as one repeating a task, "Conscript Fathers, being a slave to the Carthaginians, I come on the part of my masters to treat with you concerning peace, and an exchange of prisoners." He then turned to go away with the ambassadors, as a stranger might not be present at the deliberations of the Senate. His old friends pressed him to stay and give his opinion as a senator who had twice been consul; but he refused to degrade that dignity by claiming it, slave as he was. But, at the command of his Carthaginian masters, he remained, though not taking his seat.

Then he spoke. He told the senators to persevere in the war. He said he had seen the distress of Carthage, and that a peace would be only to her advantage, not to that of Rome, and therefore he strongly advised that the war should continue. Then, as to the exchange of prisoners, the Cartha-

ginian generals, who were in the hands of the Romans, were in full health and strength, whilst he himself was too much broken down to be fit for service again, and indeed he believed that his enemies had given him a slow poison, and that he could not live long. Thus he insisted that no exchange of prisoners should be made.

It was wonderful, even to Romans, to hear a man thus pleading against himself, and their chief priest came forward, and declared that, as his oath had been wrested from him by force, he was not bound by it to return to his captivity. But Regulus was too noble to listen to this for a moment. "Have you resolved to dishonour me?" he said. "I am not ignorant that death and the extremest tortures are preparing for me; but what are these to the shame of an infamous action, or the wounds of a guilty mind? Slave as I am to Carthage, I have still the spirit of a Roman. I have sworn to return. It is my duty to go; let the gods take care of the rest."

The Senate decided to follow the advice of Regulus, though they bitterly regretted his sacrifice. His wife wept and entreated in vain that they would detain him; they could merely repeat their permission to him to remain; but nothing could prevail with him to break his word, and he turned back to the chains and death he expected as calmly as if he had been returning to his home.

MISS YONGE.

No. 14. THE MORNING.

THE sun, when he hath spread his rays,
And show'd his face ten thousand ways,
Ten thousand things do then begin
To show the life that they are in.
The heaven shows lively art and hue
Of sundry shapes and colours new,
And laughs upon the earth; anon,
The earth as cold as any stone,
Wet in the tears of her own kind,
'Gins then to take a joyful mind.
For well she feels that out and out
The sun doth warm her round about,
And dries her children tenderly;
And shows them forth full orderly:
The mountains high, and how they stand!
The valleys, and the great mainland!
The trees, the herbs, the towers strong,
The castles, and the rivers long.
The hunter then sounds out his horn,
And rangeth straight through wood and corn.
On hills then show the ewe and lamb,
And every young one with his dam.
Then tune the birds their harmony;
Then flock the fowl in company;
Then everything doth pleasure find
In that, that comforts all their kind.

EARL OF SURREY (Born 1516).

No. 15. NORWAY.

EVERY one who has looked at the map of Norway must have been struck with the singular character of its coast. On the map it looks so jagged, such a strange mixture of land and sea, that it appears as if there must be a perpetual struggle between the two—the sea striving to inundate the land, and the land pushing itself out into the sea, till it ends in their dividing the region between them. On the spot, however, this coast is very sublime. The long, straggling promontories are mountainous, towering ridges of rock, springing up in precipices from the water; while the bays between them, instead of being rounded with shelving sandy shores, on which the sea tumbles its waves, as in bays of our coast, are, in fact, long, narrow valleys, filled with sea, instead of being laid out in fields and meadows. The high rocky banks shelter these deep bays (called fiords) from almost every wind; so that their waters are usually as still as those of a lake. For days and weeks together, they reflect each separate tree-top of the pine-forests which clothe the mountain sides, the mirror being broken only by the leap of some sportive fish, or the oars of the boatman as he goes to inspect the sea-fowl from islet to islet of the fiord, or carries out his nets or his rod to catch the sea-trout, or char, or cod, or herrings,

which abound, in their seasons, on the coast of Norway.

It is difficult to say whether these fiords are the most beautiful in summer or in winter. In summer, they glitter with golden sunshine; and purple and green shadows from the mountain and forest lie on them; and these may be more lovely than the faint light of the winter noons of those latitudes, and the snowy pictures of frozen peaks which then show themselves on the surface; but before the day is half over, out come the stars—the glorious stars which shine like nothing that we have ever seen. There, the planets cast a faint shadow, as the young moon does with us; and these planets and the constellations of the sky, as they silently glide over from peak to peak of these rocky passes, are imaged on the waters so clearly that the fisherman, as he unmoors his boat for his evening task, feels as if he were about to shoot forth his vessel into another heaven, and to cleave his way among the stars.

Still as everything is to the eye, sometimes for a hundred miles together along these deep sea-valleys there is rarely silence. The ear is kept awake by a thousand voices. In the summer there are cataracts, leaping from ledge to ledge of the rocks; and there is the bleating of the kids that browse there, and the flap of the great eagle's wings, as it dashes abroad from its eyrie, and the cries of whole clouds of sea-birds which inhabit

the islets; and all these sounds are mingled and multiplied by the strong echoes, till they become a din as loud as that of a city. Even at night, when the flocks are in the fold, and the birds at roost, and the echoes themselves seem to be asleep, there is occasionally a sweet music heard, too soft for even the listening ear to catch by day. Every breath of summer wind that steals through the pine-forests wakes this music as it goes. The stiff piny leaves of the fir and pine vibrate with the breeze like the strings of a musical instrument, so that every breath of the night-wind, in a Norwegian forest, wakens a myriad of tiny harps; and this gentle and mournful music may be heard in gushes the whole night through. This music, of course, ceases when each tree becomes laden with snow; but yet there is sound, in the midst of the longest winter night. There is the rumble of some avalanche, as, after a drifting storm, a mass of snow too heavy to keep its place slides and tumbles from the mountain peak. There is, also, now and then, a loud crack of the ice in the nearest glacier; and, as many declare, there is a crackling to be heard by those who listen when the northern lights are shooting and blazing across the sky. Nor is this all. Wherever there is a nook between the rocks on the shore, where a man may build a house, and clear a field or two—wherever there is a platform beside the cataract where the sawyer may plant his mill, and make a

path from it to join some great road, there is a human habitation and the sounds that belong to it. Thence, in winter nights, come music and laughter, and the tread of dancers, and the hum of many voices. The Norwegians are a social and hospitable people; and they hold their gay meetings, in defiance of their arctic climate, through every season of the year.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

No. 16. COMING SPRING.

IN all the years which have been,
The spring hath greened the bough;
The gladsome hopeful spring-time!
Keep heart! it comes even now.

The winter time departeth;
The early flowers expand;
The blackbird and the turtle-dove
Are heard throughout the land.

The darkness of the winter,
Which saddened us, is gone;
A thousand signs betoken
That spring-time comes anon.

'Tis spring-time in our bosoms;
All strife aside we cast;
The storms were for the winter days,
But they are gone and past.

Before us lies the spring-time—
Thank God, the time of mirth—
When birds are singing in the trees,
And flowers deck all the earth.
In all the years that have been,
The spring-time greened the bough—
The gentle, gracious spring-time!
Rejoice! it comes even now!

MARY HOWITT.

No. 17. SUMMER'S EVE.

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,
All chequered was the sky,
Thin clouds, like scarfs of cobweb lawn,
Veil'd heaven's most glorious eye.
The wind had no more strength than this,
That leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss
That closely by it grew.
The flowers, like brave embroidered girls,
Looked as they most desired,
To see whose head with orient pearls
Most curiously was tyred.
The rills that on the pebbles played
Might now be heard at will;
This world the only music made,
Else everything was still.

MICHAEL DRAYTON (Born 1570).

NO. 18. THE ATTACK UPON THE TUILERIES IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

ON the 9th of August, 1792, there was much noise and confusion throughout Paris; and it became known that an insurrection was to take place the next morning.

This was a terrible night. It was oppressively hot; and the rooms of the palace were crowded with gentlemen, adherents of the court, who had come to devote themselves finally for their king and his family. The Swiss guards—picked Swiss soldiers, strong and brave, hired to guard the person and palace of the sovereign—stood silently at their posts, their red uniforms contrasting with the black clothes of the 700 gentlemen who waited to see what they were to do. Though these seemed a large number when collected under a roof—though the rooms were so full that the windows had to be thrown open—this was no force to oppose to a siege from the population of Paris.

The clang of bells was heard by the inmates of the palace, as they stood, this summer night, by the open windows. Steeple after steeple rang out, and every one knew that this was the token of insurrection in the respective parishes.

The number of the Swiss guards was a thousand. Their post was within the palace of the Tuileries. Outside were squadrons under the

command of Mandat, a loyal officer, who kept them ranged with their cannon round the outer enclosures of the palace. Just at dawn, Mandat was sent for by the magistrates of the city; and went alone, suspecting no danger. To his amazement, he found that the entire magistracy was changed, and now composed of furious revolutionary men. They arrested him and ordered him to prison; but the mob seized him on the steps, and murdered him. The question next was, what his soldiers would do now they had lost their commander. They were hungry and weary, and were heard to say how sad it would be to fire upon their own countrymen—how much easier to side with them.

The Swiss, and the gentlemen and servants of the court, were all that now remained to be depended upon. The Swiss stood firm as their own Alps. The household arranged themselves in the apartments, armed, and ready for the assault from without—though no one of them could have hope of victory, or any expectation but of destruction.

The insurgents were now surrounding the Tuileries, and filling the neighbourhood, and it seemed probable that the gunners, placed outside for the defence of the palace, would turn their cannon against it. The magistrate of the district saw now, from the temper of the people outside, no chance but of destruction to every individual

within the palace, if once the siege began. He therefore visited the palace, and begging a private interview with the king and queen, he proposed their going over to the Assembly, without a moment's delay, to commit themselves and their children to the protection of the representatives of the people. The king consented, and those who saw them depart well knew that all hope for the royal cause was now over.

The assailants without, and the defenders in the outer court of the Tuileries, did not know of the departure of the royal family, and the battle therefore began with fury. The gentlemen and servants had now only to think of saving themselves as they could. Some escaped from windows, and others under disguises, but many were murdered. The fate of the Swiss was dreadful. They fought bravely, and kept their ranks. At last, a messenger arrived with a written order from the king that they should cease firing. But they were still fired upon from without. They knew not what to do, and dispersed. Some few reached the Assembly, and were sheltered there. Some few more fled into private houses; but, as for the rest, their blood streamed on the floor of the palace, and their bodies blocked up the doorways. Some lay dead on the terraces, and others were shot down from street to street as they fled, fighting their way. From fifty to eighty were marched as prisoners to the hall where the magis-

trates were sitting ; but the crowd broke in upon them on the way, and slaughtered them every one. Their last thought might well have been, "Put not your trust in princes." But perhaps more painful thoughts still were in their fainting hearts ; and before their swimming eyes might be visions of their homes in the Swiss valleys, and their wives and children singing of them, while tending the cows on the mountain side.

In the neighbourhood of Lucerne, in Switzerland, there is a monument to the memory of these men. Above a little lake rises a precipitous face of rock. In the midst of this the monument is hollowed out. The Swiss lion, wounded and dying, grasps with its failing claws the French shield, with the royal lilies upon it. If the king had sent his family to the Assembly for safety, and himself remained to fall with his adherents, this monument would not have been, as it is now, a reproach upon his memory, durable as Swiss honour and as the everlasting rock.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

No. 19 A SCOTCH WINTER.

NOVEMBER's sky is chill and drea.
November's leaf is red and sear ;
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in,

Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,*
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
So feeble trill'd the streamlet through
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen,
Through bush and briar, no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.
No longer Autumn's glowing red
Upon our forest hills is shed ;
No more beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam :
Away hath passed the heather-bell
That bloomed so rich on Neidpath Fell ;
Sallow his brow, and russet bare
Are now the sister heights of Yair.
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
To shelter'd dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines ;
In meek despondency they eye
The wither'd sward and wintry sky,
And far beneath their summer hill,
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill ;
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold ;

*. Discern.

His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But, shivering, follow at his heel ;
A cowering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

SCOTT.

No. 20. THE SHEPHERD BOY AND HIS
DOG.

ONE Saturday evening Halbert's mother was taken very ill ; the cottage they lived in was away among the mountains far from any path. The snow fell in large heavy flakes, and Malcolm (that was the shepherd's name) took down his long pole with the intention of setting out to the village to procure some medicine for his wife. " Father," said little Halbert, " I know the sheep-path through the dark glen better than you ; and with Shag, who will walk before me, I am quite safe ; let me go for the doctor, and do you stay and comfort my mother." Malcolm consented. Halbert had been accustomed to the mountains from his earliest infancy ; and Shag set out with his young master, wagging his tail, and making many jumps and grimaces. They went safely on—Halbert arrived at the village—saw the doctor—received some medicine for his mother—and then commenced his return with a cheerful heart.

Shag went on before to ascertain that all was right ; suddenly, however, he stopped and began

snuffing and smelling about. "Go on, Shag," said Halbert. Shag would not stir. "Shag, go on, sir," repeated the boy; "we are nearly at the top of the glen; look through the night, you can see the candle glimmer in our window." Shag appeared obstinate for the first time in his life; and at last Halbert advanced alone, heedless of the warning growl of his companion. He had proceeded but a few steps when he fell over a precipice, which had been concealed by a snow-wreath.

Malcolm repeatedly snuffed the little candle which he had affectionately placed so as to throw light over his boy's path—replenished the fire—and spoke to his wife that comfort in which his own anxious heart could not participate. Often did he go to the door, but no footstep sounded on the crackling ice, no figure darkened the wide waste of snow. "Perhaps the doctor is not at home, and he is waiting for him," said his poor mother. She felt so uneasy at her child's absence, that she almost forgot her own pain. It was nearly midnight, when Malcolm heard the well-known bark of the faithful Shag. "My son! my son!" cried both parents at the same moment. The cottage-door opened, and Shag entered without his master! "My brave boy has perished in the snow!" exclaimed the mother; at the same moment the father saw a small packet round the dog's neck, who was lying panting on the floor. "Our boy lives," said the shepherd; "here is the

medicine tied with his handkerchief; he has fallen into some of the pits; but he is safe. Trust in God! I will go out, and Shag will conduct me safely to the rescue of my child." In an instant Shag was again on his feet, and testified the most unbounded joy as they both issued from the cottage. You may imagine the misery and grief the poor mother suffered—alone in her mountain-dwelling—the snow and the wind beating round her solitary cot—the certainty of her son's danger, and the fear lest her husband also might perish. She felt that both their lives depended on the sagacity of a poor dog; but she knew that God could guide the dumb creature's steps to the saving of both; and she clasped her hands, and fervently prayed that God would not desert her in the most severe trial she had ever met.

Shag went on straight and steadily for some yards, and then suddenly turned down a path which led to the bottom of the crag over which Halbert had fallen. The descent was steep and dangerous, and Malcolm was frequently obliged to support himself by the frozen branches of the trees. Providentially, however, it had ceased snowing, and the clouds were drifting fast from the moon. At last Malcolm stood at the lower and opposite edge of the pit into which his son had fallen!—he hallooed—he strained his eyes, but could not see or hear any thing. Shag was

making his way down an almost perpendicular height, and Malcolm resolved at all hazards to follow him. After getting to the bottom, Shag scrambled to a projecting ledge of rock, which was nearly embedded in snow, and commenced whining and scratching in a violent manner. Malcolm followed, and after some search found what appeared the dead body of his son. He hastily tore off the jacket, which was soaked with blood and snow, and, wrapping Halbert in his plaid, strapped him across his shoulders, and with much toil and difficulty reascended. Halbert was placed in his mother's bed; and by using great exertion they aroused him from his dangerous sleep. He was much bruised, and his ankle dislocated, but he had no other hurt; and when he recovered his senses, he fixed his eyes on his mother, and his first words were, "Thank God!—but did you get the medicine, mother?" When he fell, Shag had descended after him, and the affectionate son used what little strength he had left to tie what he had received from the doctor round the dog's neck, and directed him home with it.

— It is many years since this happened, and Shag is now old and gray; but he still toddles about after his master, who is now one of the most handsome and trusty shepherds among the bonny Highlands of Scotland.

Juvenile Forget-me-Not

No. 21. THE SHEPHERD'S WINTER
NIGHT.

WHEN red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapours dark and dun ;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm ;
Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,
Against the casement's tinkling pane ;
The sounds that drive wild deer and fox,
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal and to dangerous task.
Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
The blast may sink in mellowing rain
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth, his dogs repine ;
Whistling and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid ;
His flocks he gathers, and he guides,
To open downs and mountain sides,
Where fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles ;
Oft he looks back, while streaming far,

His cottage window seems a star,—
Loses its feeble gleam,—and then
Turns patient to the blast again,
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep.
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale;
His path, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffen'd swain.
The widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail,
And, close beside him in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek to break his rest.

SCOTT

No. 22. ARGUS.

WHEN wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tossed,
Arrived at last, poor, old, disguised, alone,
To all his friends and even his queen unknown;
Changed as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrowed his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forced to ask his bread,
Scorned by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew:

The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew !
Unfed, unhoused, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant, now cashiered, he lay ;
Touched with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again.
Him when he saw—he rose, and crawled to meet,
('Twas all he could) and fawned, and kissed his
feet,
Seized with dumb joy—then falling by his side,
Owned his returning lord, looked up, and died !
POPE.

No. 23. KING CANUTE.

UPON his royal throne he sat,
In a monarch's thoughtful mood ;
Attendants on his regal state
His servile courtiers stood,
With foolish flatteries, false and vain,
To win his smile, his favour gain.

They told him e'en the mighty deep
His kingly sway confessed ;
That he could bid its billows leap,
Or still its stormy breast !
He smiled contemptuously and cried,
" Be then my boasted empire tried ! "

Down to the ocean's sounding shore
The proud procession came,

To see its billows' wild uproar
King Canute's power proclaim;
Or, at his high and dread command,
In gentle murmurs kiss the strand.

Not so, thought he, their noble king,
As his course he seaward sped;—
And each base slave like a guilty thing,
Hung down his conscious head;—
He knew the ocean's Lord on high!
They, that he scorned their senseless lie.

His throne was placed by ocean's side,
He lifted his sceptre there;
Bidding with tones of kingly pride,
The waves their strife forbear:—
And, while he spoke his royal will,
All but the winds and waves were still.

Louder the stormy blast swept by,
In scorn of his idle word;
The briny deep its waves tossed high,
By his mandate undeterred,
As threatening, in their angry play,
To sweep both king and court away.

The monarch with upbraiding look,
Turned to the courtly ring;
But none the kindling eye could brook
Even of his earthly king;
For in that wrathful glance they see
A mightier monarch wronged than he!

Canute! thy regal race is run;
Thy name had passed away,
But for the meed this tale hath won,
Which never shall decay:
Its meek, unperishing renown
Outlasts thy sceptre and thy crown.
The Persian,* in his mighty pride,
Forged fetters for the main;
And when its floods his power defied,
Inflicted stripes as vain;—
But it was worthier far of thee
To know thyself, than rule the sea!

BERNARD BARTON.

No. 24. THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.
And taking many a fort,
Furnish'd in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt
In happy hour;

* Xerxes.

Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way
Where the French general lay
 With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
 To the King sending ;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazed.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raised.

“ And for myself,” quoth he,
“ This my full rest shall be ;
England ne’er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

“Poitiers and Cressy, tell
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell ;
 No less our skill is,
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat,
 Lopped the French lilies.”

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vanguard led ;
With the main Henry sped,
 Amongst his henchmen,
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there ;
O Lord ! how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
 To hear was wonder ;
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake ;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
 To our hid forces ;

When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
 Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
 Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts
 Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew;
 Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went—
 Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
 As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
 Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
 With his brave brother ;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up ;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry.
Oh, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry !

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

No. 25. MAGNA CHARTA.

THE barons called on every one to join them in their demands for redress of their grievances from King John, under pain of being used as traitors and rebels.

The whole country responded ; scarcely a man, Saxon or Norman, who was not with them in spirit ; and John, then at Odiham, in Hampshire, found himself deserted by all his knights save seven. He was at first in deadly terror, but soon rallying his spirits, he resolved to cajole the barons, pronounced that what his lieges had done was well done, and despatched the Earl of Pembroke to assure them of his readiness and satisfaction in granting their desires : all that was needed was a day and place for the meeting.

“The day, the 15th of June—the place, Runnymede,” returned his loving subjects.

The broad, smooth, green meadow of Runnymede, on the bank of the Thames, spreading out fair and fertile beneath the heights of Windsor, became a watchword of English rights. The stalwart barony of England, Norman in name and rank, but with Saxon blood infused in their veins, and strength consisting of stout Saxon yeomen and peasantry, there arrayed themselves, with Robert Fitzwalter for their spokesman and leader ; and thither, on the other hand, came from Windsor

Castle, King John, accompanied by Cardinal Pandulfo, Amaury, Grand Master of the Temple, Langton, and seven other bishops, and Pembroke with twelve nobles; but scarcely one of these, except the two first, whose heart was not with the barons on the other side.

The charter was spread forth, the Great Charter, which, in the first place, asserted the liberty of the Church of England, and then of its people. It forbade the King to exact arbitrary sums from his subjects without the consent of a council of the great crown vassals; it required that no man should be made an officer of justice without knowledge of the law; and forced from the King the promise not to sell, refuse, or defer right or justice to any man; neither to seize the person or goods of any free man without the lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land. The same privileges were extended to the cities, but the serfs or villeins had no part in them; the nobility of England had not yet learnt to consider them worthy of regard. Much, however, was done by the recognition of the law, and Magna Charta has been the foundation of all subsequent legislation in England. A lesser charter was added on the oppressive Forest Laws, which it in some degree mitigated by lessening the number of royal forests, and appointing nobles in each county to keep in check the violence of the king's keepers.

The original charter itself, creased with age and injured by fire, but with John's great seal still appended to it, remains extant in the British Museum; a copy beside it bearing in beautiful old writing in Latin, the clear, sharp, lawyer-like terms with which the barons, who, rough and turbulent as they were, must have had among them men of great legal ability, sought to bind their tyrant to respect their lives and lands.

Four-and-twenty of their number, and with them the Mayor of London, were appointed to enforce the observance of the charter, which was sent out to the sheriffs in all the counties to be proclaimed by them, with sounds of trumpet, at the market-crosses and in the churches; while twelve men learned in the law were to be chosen to inquire into and redress all grievances since the accession. Moreover, every Poitevin, Brabançon, and other free companion in the King's service, was to be immediately dismissed, and the barons were to hold the city of London, and Langton the Tower, for the next two months.

The charter was thus sealed, June 15th, 1215, and John, as long as he was in the presence of the barons, put a restraint on himself, and acted as if it was granted, as it professed to be, of his own free will and pleasure; speaking courteously to all who approached, and treating the matter in hand with his usual gay levity, signing the charter with so little heed to its contents, that

the wiser heads must have gathered that he had no intention of being bound by them. However, they had achieved a great victory, and, after parting with him, amused themselves by arranging for a tournament to be held at Stamford; while John, when within the walls of Windsor, gave vent to his rage, threw himself on the ground, rolled about gnawing sticks and straws, uttering maledictions upon the barons, and denouncing vengeance against the nation that had made him an underling to twenty-five kings.

MISS YONGE.

NO. 26. THE SIEGE OF CALAIS.

THE unfortunate garrison of Calais were by this time nearly starved out, and had sent messages to Philippe to entreat him to relieve them. He assembled an army, and advanced so near, that the citizens from their walls could see his banners by the moonlight on the little hill of Sangatte. On attempting to advance, however, he found there were only two approaches—by the downs along the coast, close within arrowshot of the English fleet, or by the bridge of Neuillet, across the marshes and bogs around the camp, and this was closely guarded by the Earl of Derby. Thereupon he sent a challenge to King Edward to come out and give him battle on equal terms;

but Edward was too old a soldier by that time to expect to make war a succession of bloodier tournaments, and made answer that he had chosen this spot nigh upon a twelvemonth ago, and Philippe might have sought him there sooner; for himself, he had not the smallest intention of coming out for the convenience of the French. Finding the downs and the bridge alike impracticable, Philippe gave up his attempt, marched back to Amiens, and disbanded his army, probably because feudal troops could never be kept together beyond the forty days for which their tenure bound them to serve.

Cruel was the disappointment of the men of Calais when the banners disappeared from the mound, and they found themselves left to their fate. For a whole year had they held out, and had eaten all their provisions, as well as consumed all those animals that form the last resources of famine, and now they beheld their resistance wasted, and themselves abandoned. Sir Jean de Vienne mounted the battlements, and entreated a conference. Sir Walter Manny was sent to speak to him, when he offered to surrender at once on the sole condition that the lives should be spared, and the garrison left free to depart whither they would. Sir Walter replied, that the old piracies of the men of Calais, and the loss of time that the King had met with before their walls, had so exasperated him, that he was determined to grant

no terms, but was resolved to kill or ransom whom he would.

"These conditions are too hard for us," said De Vienne; "we are but few knights and squires who have loyally served our master as you would have done, and suffered greatly, but we will endure more than any men ever did, rather than the least should fare worse than the best. I entreat you, of your pity, to return to the King of England, and beg him to have mercy on us, for I have such an opinion of his gallantry as to hope he will grant you this favour." But Edward, whose fleets had often suffered severely from the ships of Calais, would still hear of no terms, until Sir Walter spoke thus: "My lord, you may be doing wrong in this; you set us a bad example. If you send us to your castles and towns, we shall go less willingly if you put these men to death, for then so would they serve us in a like case."

The other nobles supported Sir Walter, and the King finally said, "Sirs, I will not be alone against you all. Walter, go to the men of Calais, and tell the captain that the greatest grace they can have from me is, that if they send from Calais six of the most notable burghers, barefooted, with ropes round their necks, and the keys of the town and castle in their hands, I will work my will on them, and the rest I will receive to mercy."

This message having been transmitted by Sir Walter Manny, the governor returned, and caused

the great bell to be rung, convoking all the citizens to the town-hall. He then told them all that he had been able to obtain from the stern conqueror, and "loud was the weeping and bewailing that arose, so that the hardest heart must have pitied him; even the Lord de Vienne himself wept bitterly." Then after long silence arose up the richest burgher in the town, who was called Eustache de St. Pierre, and said, "Sirs, sad pity and mischief would it be to let so many people die of hunger or otherwise, when other means are to be found; and so would it be great alms and great grace before our Lord to guard them from such mischance. I have such good hope of grace and pardon from our good Lord if I die to save this people, that I will be the first, and will willingly go in my shirt, unshod, and the halter round my neck, to be at the mercy of the King of England."

At these most Christian words the townspeople were almost worshipping the good man, and many men and women cast themselves at his feet, weeping heartily. Next another honest burgess, of great traffic, who had two fair daughters, rose up, and said he would be comrade to his gossip Eustache de St. Pierre, and his name was Jean d'Aire; the third, Jacques de Vissant, joined them with his brother Pierre, and two others followed. Sadly Sir Jean de Vienne mounted a small pony, for he was so much wasted with famine that he

could hardly walk, and, followed by the multitude of admiring and lamenting citizens, led them to the gate, and gave them over to Sir Walter Manny, bearing witness to their honourable station and free self-devotion, and entreating him to do his best in their behalf. The kind and brave Sir Walter pledged himself to do his best endeavours, and led on the procession to the royal lodging, where stood King Edward, with all his nobles around him. Not a heart was there but was moved at the sight of the six faithful burghers, gaunt with famine, and in this piteous suppliant array, as they knelt before the King, and said, "Gentle Sir, and gentle King, behold us six, who have been ancient burghers of Calais, and great merchants. We bring you the keys of the town and castle, and put ourselves at your mercy, to save the rest of the people of Calais, who have suffered so heavily. If you will, have pity on us of your great nobleness!"

Not a man was there who did not weep, except the King, who strove hard to keep his anger, and fiercely bade their heads be smitten off at once. Sir Walter Manny and all the barons pleaded for them, but the King ground his teeth, and signed to the headsman. Then Queen Philippa drew nigh, weeping so for pity that she could not stand, and sank on her knees before the King her lord, and said, "Ah! gentle lord, since I passed the sea with great peril to see you, I have

asked nothing of you. Now humbly I pray you, and entreat, for the sake of St. Mary's blessed Son, and for love of me, that you would have mercy on these six men!"

The King was long silent, but at last exclaimed, "Dame, I would that you had been elsewhere! You beg so that I cannot refuse. There! I give them to you. Do your pleasure with them!"

And good Philippa's pleasure was to lead the gallant men to her own apartments, and there to have them newly clothed, and feasted with all due honour, and then she sent them away with a sum of money. The King intended entirely to repeople Calais with English, but he found that he should only obtain the scum of the people, and he therefore brought back the old burghers, whom he had at first turned out, and restored their property to them, on receiving an oath of fidelity.

MISS YONGE.

NO. 27. THE BATTLE OF POITIERS.

AFTER the final rejection of the terms, the Black Prince spoke thus: "Now, Sirs, though we be but a small company, as in regard to the puyssance of our enemies, let us not be abashed, for the victory lieth not in the multitude of people, but where God will send it. If it fortune that the day be ours, we shall be the most honoured

people of all the world; and if we die in our right quarrel, I have the King my father, and brethren, and also ye have good friends and kinsmen—these shall revenge us. Therefore, Sirs, I require you do your devoirs this day, for, if it please God and St. George, you shall this day see me a good knight."

Sir John Chandos remained with the Prince as his chief adviser, for the stout old warrior had more generalship than any of the other knights. Sir James Audley came up to Edward, saying, "Sir, I have ever served most loyally my lord, your father, and yourself. I formerly made a vow, if ever I should be in any battle where your father or any of his sons were, that I would be the foremost in the attack and the best combatant on his side, or die in the attempt. I beg, therefore, permission to quit you, that I may post myself so as best to fulfil this vow."

"Sir James," said the Prince, giving him his hand, "Heaven grant that you may this day shine in valour above all other knights;" and with these words the knight, followed by his four trusty squires, hastened to the front of the men-at-arms, against whom the Marshals of France were leading the first division up the lane. There the long line of horsemen presented the fairest mark for the archers; the horses were stuck full of arrows, and floundered about in their agony, overwhelming their riders, and causing inextricable

confusion, while the infantry, bursting through the hedge with their long knives, killed, or made prisoners, the knights in their narrow inclosure. The rear fell back upon the Dauphin's division, and threw it into confusion, which Chandos perceived, and said to the Prince, "Sir, push forward; the day is ours! God will give it into your hand!" Mounting their horses, the Prince and his knights charged down the hill, crying, "St. George for Guienne!" and the Dauphin's body-guard, seeing their van in disorder, and the enemy advancing with so much impetuosity, thought it desirable to secure the persons of the princes; and thus eight hundred lances left the field without ever having been near the enemy. This broke up the whole division, for though Sir Jean de Xaintré, Sir Guiscard d'Angle, and several other good knights and squires, loving death better than dishonour, rushed forward against the English, such isolated efforts could rescue nothing but their own reputation, and they were slain or made prisoners. Xaintré never recovered from his wounds, d'Angle was left for dead, and Sir Eustache de Ribault killed. The cowardice of the Dauphin's division infected that of his uncle, the Duke of Orleans, which went off headlong from the field of battle without having broken a single lance. The King's division alone remained, still double the number of the Prince's army, and the very flower of the French chivalry.

On the sight of the advance of the English, Jean cried, "Alight! alight!" Every knight sprang from his saddle to receive the charge on foot; and well did they fight, especially the King himself, who dealt gallant blows with his battle-axe, while his little son, Philippe, stood undaunted by his side, watching his assailants, and crying—"Father, take care of yourself—to the right—to the left!" Their valour, however, was of no avail; the English horse broke through their ranks, and they were cut down on every side. The royal standard was taken by Sir Reginald Cobham, and that lodestar gone, all was dismay and confusion. Some fled towards the city of Poitiers, but the burghers had shut their gates, and left them to perish under the blows of the troops of the Captal de Buch. Everywhere the English were slaying or making prisoners, and they began to press round the King, with cries of "Yield! yield! or you are a dead man!"

Among them was a French knight named Denis de Morbecque, who, having been banished for having dealt a fatal blow in a tumult at St. Omer, had taken service with the English. Anxious to save the King, he pressed by main strength through the throng, and in good French entreated him to yield.

"To whom shall I yield? To whom?" exclaimed the King. "Where is my cousin, the Prince of Wales?"

"Sire," replied Denis, "he is not here, but surrender to me, and I will take you to him."

"Who are you?" said Jean.

"Sire, I am Denis de Morbecque, a knight of Artois; but I serve the King of England, because I can no longer dwell in France, and have forfeited all that was mine."

"I yield to you," said the King, giving him his right-hand glove. But the danger was not yet over, for the English and Gascon men-at-arms, jealous of the prize falling to a Frenchman, pushed Sir Denis away, and rudely laid hold of the King and his son, each bawling out, "I took him! I took him!" and others, "No, he is mine!"

"Sirs," said the poor captive, in danger of being torn to pieces among the rabble, "I pray you to conduct me peaceably to my good cousin, the Prince, and do not make such a riot about my capture, for I am great enough to enrich you all." They were somewhat appeased, but not a step was made without brawling, and Sir Denis found himself unable to protect him.

In the meantime, Chandos, who had kept close to the Prince all day, with too much real patriotism to turn aside to enrich himself by making prisoners, looked forth on the field, and perceived that the battle was won. "Sir," said he, "you should halt here, and plant your banner in this bush, to collect your forces, which seem

much scattered, though I did not perceive any banners or pennons of the French. Refresh yourself, for you are much heated."

So the banner was set up in the bush, the Prince took off his helmet, and his squires setting up a crimson silk tent, he there awaited the return of his trusty warriors, and the details of the great battle he had won over a force more than seven times the amount of his own. His first inquiry was for the King of France, for whom he sent the Earl of Warwick and Sir Reginald Cobham to seek. They rode at once up a little hill to overlook the plain, and presently spying a mob of soldiers engaged in fierce dispute, they rode in among them, and demanding the cause of the quarrel, learnt that the King of France and his son were there, among more than ten knights and squires, who all laid claim to the captive. Their authority at once rescued him, and they conducted him to the crimson tent, where Edward received him with the utmost grace and courtesy, seeing in him, not the conquered foe, but the suzerain lord, whom he received and welcomed as his guest. The Prince's next anxiety was for his friend, Sir James Audley, whom he had last seen hurrying to the forefront of the battle in search of honour. The reply was, that Sir James was lying on a litter, sorely wounded; on which the Prince desired to know whether he could be brought to his tent, otherwise he would go to see

him. Sir James, highly gratified, caused himself to be carried on his litter to the tent, where Edward embraced him as he lay, saying, "Sir James, I am bound to honour you very much for by your valour this day you have won honour and renown above us all, and your prowess has proved you the bravest knight."

MISS YONGE.

No. 28. THE SPANISH ARMADA.

ATTEND all ye who list to hear our noble England's
praise ;

I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in
ancient days,

When that great fleet invincible against her bore
in vain

The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts
of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer
day,

There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to
Plymouth Bay ;

Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet beyond
Aurigny's isle,

At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving
many a mile.

At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's
especial grace :

And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her
close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along
the wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's
lofty hall ;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along
the coast ;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland
many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted the stout old
sheriff comes ;
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him
sound the drums ;
His yeomen, round the market-cross, make clear
an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of
Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance
the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon
swells.
Look how the Lion of the Sea lifts up his ancient
crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay
lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that
famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's
eagle shield :

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So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he
turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his paws the
princely hunters lay.

Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight; ho!
scatter flowers, fair maids:

Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute; ho! gallants,
draw your blades:

Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft
her wide;

Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of
our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that ban-
ner's massy fold,

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that
haughty scroll of gold;

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the
purple sea,—

Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er
again shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn
to Milford Bay,

That time of slumber was as bright and busy as
the day;

For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly
war-flame spread;

High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it shone
on Beachy Head.

Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each
southern shire,

Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those
twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's
glittering waves :
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's
sunless caves :
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks,
the fiery herald flew ;
It roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the
rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang
out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on
Clifton down ;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into
the night,
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, the streak
of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-
like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal
city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the
answering fires ;
At once the loud alarum clashed from all her
reeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud
the voice of fear ;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back
a louder cheer ;

And from the furthest wards was heard the rush
of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of flags and pikes rushed
down each roaring street :
And broader still became the blaze, and louder
still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came
spurring in :
And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the
warlike errand went,
And raised in many an ancient hall the gallant
squires of Kent.
Southward, from Surrey's pleasant hills, flew
those bright couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they
started for the North ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they
bounded still,
All night from tower to tower they sprang ;
they sprang from hill to hill :
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's
rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to Heaven the stormy
hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Mal-
vern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's
crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's
stately fane.

And town and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the
boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln
sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide
vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's
embattled pile,
And the red glare of Skiddaw roused the burghers
of Carlisle.

MACAULAY.

No. 29. QUEEN MAB.

HER chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stayed,
For nought must be her letting:
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamer,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excel,
The fair Queen Mab becoming well
So lively was the limning:
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a pied butterfly,
I trow, 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones
 With thistle-down they shod it.
For all her maidens much did fear
If Oberon had chanced to hear
That Mab his queen should have been there,
 He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot in a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids that were so nice,
 To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herself away alone ;
Which when they heard there was not one
But hastened after to be gone,
 As she had been diswitted.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And what with amble and with trot,
For hedge or ditch they spared not,
 But after her they hie them.
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow
 Lest any should espy them.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

No. 30. PIGWIGGEN'S EQUIPMENT

FOR A COMBAT WITH KING OBERON.

HE quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
 Yet could it not be pierced ;
His spear a bent* both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long,
The pill† was of a horse-fly's tongue,
 Whose sharpness nought reversed ;

And puts him on a coat of mail,
The which was of a fish's scale,
That, when his foe should him assail,
 No point should be prevailing ;
His rapier was a hornet's sting,
It was a very dangerous thing,
For if he chanced to hurt the king,
 It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
 Yet it did well become him ;
And for a plume a horse's hair,
Which being tossed by the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
 And turn his weapon from him.

* A rush.

† The point of the javelin.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,

Ere he himself could settle :
He made him turn and stop and bound,
To gallop and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

No. 31. ROSABELLE.

OH listen, listen, ladies gay !
No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

“ Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
And, gentle lady, deign to stay !
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

“ The blackening wave is edged with white ;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.

“ Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round lady gay ;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch ;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ? ”

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my lady-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle hall.

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheath'd in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold,
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

SCOTT.

No. 32. LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"

"O, I'm the Chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,

“I’ll go, my chief, I’m ready ;

It is not for your silver bright,

But for your winsome lady :

“And by my word ! the bonny bird

In danger shall not tarry :

So, though the waves are raging white,

I’ll row you o’er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,

The water-wraith was shrieking ;

And, in the scowl of Heaven, each face

Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,

And as the night grew drearer,

Adown the glen rode armed men,

Their trampling sounded nearer.

“O haste thee, haste !” the lady cries,

“Though tempests round us gather ;

I’ll meet the raging of the skies,

But not an angry father.”

The boat has left the stormy land,

A stormy sea before her,—

When, oh ! too strong for human hand

The tempest gathered o’er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar

Of waters fast prevailing :

Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore ;

His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade
His child he did discover :

One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“Come back ! come back !” he cried in grief,
Across this stormy water :

“And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter ! oh, my daughter !”

’Twas vain ; the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing ;
The waters wild went o’er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

CAMPBELL.

No. 33. ANECDOTE OF GEORGE
HERBERT.

IN a walk to Salisbury to visit some musical friends Mr. George Herbert saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load ; they were both in distress, and needed present help, which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after, to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man ; and was so like the Good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse, and told him, “That if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast.” Thus he left the poor

man, and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed, but he told them the occasion; and when one of the company told him "he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment," his answer was, "That the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight; and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience whensoever he should pass by that place; for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let us tune our instruments."

IZAACK WALTON

No. 34. SHUN DELAYS.

SHUN delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force—
Fly their faults, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Ling'ring labours come to naught.

Hoist thy sail while gale doth last,
 Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure ;
 Seek not time, when time is past ;
 Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
 After-wits * are dearly bought,
 Let the fore-wit † guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,
 Take then hold upon his forehead ;
 When he flies he turns no more,
 And behind his scalp is naked.
 Works adjourned ‡ have many stays,
 Long demurs § bring new delays.

Seek thy salve while young the wound
 Older sores ask deeper lancing ;
 After cures are seldom found,
 Often sought, scarce ever chancing.
 In the rising, stifle ill,
 Lest it grow against thy will.

Drops do pierce the stubborn flint,
 Not by force, but often falling ;
 Custom kills with feeble dint,
 More by use than strength prevailing.
 Single sands have little weight,
 Many make a drowning freight. ||

ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1560-1595).

* Dreaming before acting.

† The ready will to act.

‡ Put off from day to day.

§ Talking instead of acting

|| A load that will sink a ship.

No. 35. REVENGE.

THE fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury ;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.*

If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth must sure be nobly done ;
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honour won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow,
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe ?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield ;
Because they cannot yield, it proves them
poor ;
Great hearts are tasked beyond their power but
seld,†

The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn,
The scorn to owe a duty overlong ;

* To defeat in argument.

† Seldom.

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The scorn to be for benefits forborne,*

The scorn to lie, the scorn to do a wrong!
The scorn to bear an injury in mind;
The scorn a freeborn heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,

Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind;
Do we his body from our fury save,

And let our hate prevail against our mind?
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
Than make his foe more worthy far than he?

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW (about 1613).

No. 36. A WALK ON A FROSTY DAY.

AT noon to-day I and my white greyhound, Mayflower, set out for a walk into a very beautiful world—a sort of silent fairy-land—a creation of that matchless magician, hoar-frost. There had been just snow enough to cover the earth and all its colours with one sheet of pure and uniform white, and just time enough since the snow had fallen to allow the hedges to be freed of their fleecy load, and clothed with a delicate coating of rime. The atmosphere was deliciously calm; soft, even mild, in spite of the thermometer; no perceptible air, but a stillness that could almost be felt; the sky, rather grey than blue, throwing

* Overdone.

out in bold relief the snow-covered roofs of our village, and the rimy trees that rise above them, and the sun shining dimly as through a veil, giving a pale fair light, like the moon, as we stood at our little gate looking up the quiet street: a Sabbath-like pause of work and play, rare on a work-day; nothing was audible but the pleasant hum of frost, that low monotonous sound, which is perhaps the nearest approach that life and nature can make to absolute silence. The very waggons, as they come down the hill along the beaten track of crisp, yellowish frost-dust, glide along like shadows; even May's bounding footsteps, at her height of glee and of speed, fall like snow upon snow.

And now comes the delightful sound of childish voices, ringing with glee and merriment almost from beneath our feet. They are shouting from that deep irregular pool, all glass now, where, on two long slides, half-a-dozen urchins are slipping along in tottering triumph.

The road is gay now; carts and post-chaises, and girls in red cloaks, and afar off, looking almost like a toy, the coach. It meets us fast and soon. How much happier the walkers look than the riders!

Now we have reached the trees—the beautiful trees! never so beautiful as to-day. Imagine the effect of a straight and regular double avenue of oaks nearly a mile long, arching overhead, and

closing into perspective like the roof and columns of a cathedral, every tree and branch encrusted with the bright and delicate congelation of hoar-frost, white and pure as snow, delicate and defined as carved ivory. We are now at the end of this magnificent avenue, and at the top of a steep eminence commanding a wide view over four counties—a landscape of snow. A deep lane leans abruptly down the hill; a mere narrow cart track, sinking between high banks clothed with ferns and furze and low broom, crowned with luxuriant hedgerows, and famous for their summer smell of thyme. How lovely these banks are now!—the tall weeds and the gorse fixed and stiffened in the hoar-frost, which fringes round the bright prickly holly, the pendant foliage of the bramble, and the deep orange leaves of the pollard oaks! Oh, this is rime in its loveliest form! And there is still a berry here and there on the holly, “blushing in its natural coral” through the delicate tracery, still a stray hip or haw for the birds, who abound here always. The poor birds, how tame they are, how sadly tame! There is the beautiful and rare crested wren, perched in the middle of the hedge, nestling as it were amongst the cold bare boughs, seeking, poor pretty thing, for the warmth it will not find. And there, farther on, just under the bank, by the slender rivulet, which still trickles between its transparent fantastic margin of thin

ice, as if it were a thing of life—there, with a swift, scudding motion, flits, in short low flights, the gorgeous kingfisher, its magnificent plumage of scarlet and blue flashing in the sun, like the glories of some tropical bird. He is come for water to this little spring by the hill-side—water which even his long bill and slender head can hardly reach, so nearly do the fantastic forms of those garland-like ivy margins meet over the tiny stream beneath. It is rarely that one sees the shy beauty so close or so long; and it is pleasant to see him in the grace and beauty of his natural liberty, the only way to look at a bird. We used, before we lived in a street, to fix a little board outside the parlour window, and cover it with bread-crumbs in the hard weather. It was quite delightful to see the pretty things come and feed, to conquer their shyness, and do away with their mistrust. First came the more social tribes, “the robin redbreast and the wren,” cautiously, suspiciously picking up a crumb on the wing, with the little keen bright eye fixed on the window; then they would stop for two pecks, then stay till they were satisfied. The shyer birds, tamed by their example, came next; and at last one saucy fellow of a blackbird—a sad glutton; he would clear the board in two minutes—used to tap his yellow bill against the window for more. How we loved the fearless confidence of that fine, frank-hearted creature! And surely

he loved us. I wonder the practice is not more general—"May, May, naughty May!" She has frightened away the kingfisher; and now, in her coaxing penitence, she is covering me with snow. "Come, pretty May, it is time to go home."

MISS MITFORD.

No. 37. THE CHASE.

I.

THE Stag at eve had drunk his fill
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

II.

As chief who hears his warder call,
"To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"
The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;

A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listen'd to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

III.

Yelled on the view the opening pack,
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.
An hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered an hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
An hundred voices joined the shout;
With hark and whoop and wild holloo.
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cowered the doe;
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint, and more faint, its falling din
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

SCOTT.

No. 38. THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF
WELLINGTON.

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,
The day was just begun,
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
And the white sails of ships;
And from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe and Dover
Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers speeding over
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like crouching lions,
Their cannon, through the night
Holding their breath, had watched in grim
The sea-coast opposite. [defiance,

And now they roared at drum-beat from their
On every citadel! [stations
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
That all was well!

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden*
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

* The Duke of Wellington was Warden of the Cinque Ports

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,
Awaken with their call !

No more surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field-Marshal
Be seen upon his post !

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall has scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room ;
And as he entered, darker grew and deeper
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar ;
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all England
tremble,
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead :
Nothing in nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead !

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

No. 39. SOLDIER, WAKE!

I.

Soldier, wake!—the day is peeping,
Honour ne'er was won in sleeping,
Never when the sunbeams still
Lay unreflected on the hill :
'Tis when they are glinted back
From axe and armour, spear and jack,
That they promise future story
Many a page of deathless glory.
Shields that are the foemen's terror,
Ever are the morning's mirror.

II.

Arm and up—the morning beam
Hath called the rustic to his team,
Hath called the falc'ner to the lake,
Hath called the huntsman to the brake ;
The early student ponders o'er
His dusty tomes of ancient lore.
Soldier, wake!—thy harvest, fame ;
Thy study, conquest : war, thy game.
Shield, that would be foeman's terror,
Still should gleam the morning's mirror.

III.

Poor hire repays the rustic's pain ;
More paltry still the huntsman's gain.
Vainest of all, the student's theme
Ends in some metaphysic dream :

Yet each is up, and each has toiled
Since first the peep of day has smiled;
And each is eagerer in his aim
Than he who barter's life for fame.
Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror!
Be thy bright shield the morning's mirror.

SCOTT.

No. 40. THE DOGS OF THE MONKS OF
ST. BERNARD.

THE convent of the Great St. Bernard is situated near the top of the mountain known by that name, near one of the most dangerous passages of the Alps between Switzerland and Savoy. In these regions the traveller is often overtaken by the most severe weather, even after days of cloudless beauty, when the glaciers glitter in the sunshine, and the pink flowers of the rhododendron appear as if they were never to be sullied by the tempest. But a storm suddenly comes on; the roads are rendered impassable by drifts of snow: the avalanches, which are huge loosened masses of snow or ice, are swept into the valleys, carrying trees and crags of rock before them. The hospitable monks, though their revenue is scanty, open their doors to every stranger that presents himself. To be cold, to be weary, to be benighted, constitutes the title to their comfortable shelter, their cheering meal, and their agreeable converse.

But their attention to the distressed does not end here. They devote themselves to the dangerous task of searching for those unhappy persons who may have been overtaken by the sudden storm, and would perish but for their charitable succour. Most remarkably are they assisted in these truly Christian offices. They have a breed of noble dogs in their establishment, whose extraordinary sagacity often enables them to rescue the traveller from destruction. Benumbed with cold, weary in the search for a lost track, his senses yielding to the stupefying influences of frost, the unhappy man sinks upon the ground, and the snow-drift covers him from human sight. It is then that the keen scent and the exquisite docility of these admirable dogs are called into action. Though the perishing man lie ten or even twenty feet beneath the snow, the delicacy of smell with which they can trace him offers a chance of escape. They scratch away the snow with their feet; they set up a continued hoarse and solemn bark, which brings the monks and labourers of the convent to their assistance. To provide for the chance that the dogs, without human help, may succeed in discovering the unfortunate traveller, one of them has a flask of spirits round his neck, to which the fainting man may apply for support; and another has a cloak to cover him. These wonderful exertions are often successful; and even where they fail of restoring him who

has perished, the dogs discover the body, so that it may be secured for the recognition of friends ; and such is the effect of the cold, that the dead features generally preserve their firmness for the space of two years. One of these noble creatures was decorated with a medal, in commemoration of his having saved the lives of twenty-two persons, who, but for his sagacity, must have perished. Many travellers, who have crossed the passage of St. Bernard, have seen this dog, and have heard, around the blazing fire of the monks, the story of his extraordinary career. He died about the year 1816, in an attempt to convey a poor traveller to his anxious family :—The Piedmontese courier arrived at St. Bernard in a very stormy season, labouring to make his way to the little village of St. Pierre, in the valley beneath the mountain, where his wife and children dwelt. It was in vain that the monks attempted to check his resolution to reach his family. They at last gave him two guides, each of whom was accompanied by a dog, of which one was the remarkable creature whose services had been so valuable to mankind. Descending from the convent, they were in an instant overwhelmed by an avalanche ; and the same common destruction awaited the family of the poor courier, who were toiling up the mountain in the hope of obtaining some news of their expected friend. They all perished.

Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

No. 41. THE EVE OF PHILIPPI.

BRUTUS and Cassius met once more at Sardis, where, after the usual ceremonies had passed between them, they resolved to have a private conference together. They shut themselves up, therefore, in the first convenient house, with express orders to their servants to give no admission. Brutus began by reprimanding Cassius for having disposed of offices which should ever be the reward of merit, and for having overtaxed the tributary states. Cassius retorted the imputation of avarice with the more bitterness, as he knew the charge to be groundless. The debate grew warm, till, from loud speaking, they burst into tears. Their friends, who were standing at the door, overheard the increasing vehemence of their voices, and began to dread the consequences, till Favonius, who valued himself upon a cynical boldness that knew no restraint, entering the room, with a jest calmed their mutual animosity. Cassius was ready enough to forego his anger, being a man of great abilities, but of uneven disposition; not averse to pleasure in private company, and, upon the whole, of morals not quite sincere. But the conduct of Brutus was always perfectly steady. An even gentleness, a noble elevation of sentiment, a strength of mind over which neither vice nor pleasure could have any influence, an inflexi-

ble firmness in the cause of justice, composed the character of that great man. After their conference, night coming on, Cassius invited Brutus and his friends to an entertainment, where freedom and cheerfulness for a while took the place of political anxiety, and softened the severity of wisdom. Upon retiring home it was that Brutus, as Plutarch tells the story, saw a spectre in his tent. He naturally slept but little, and he had increased this state of watchfulness by habit and great sobriety. He never allowed himself to sleep in the day-time, as was then common in Rome, and gave only so much of the night to sleep as could barely renew the natural functions. But especially now, when oppressed with such various cares, he only gave a short time after his nightly repast to rest; and, waking about midnight, generally read or studied till morning. It was in the dead of the night, when the whole camp was perfectly quiet, that Brutus was thus employed in reading by a lamp that was just expiring. On a sudden he thought he heard a noise, as if somebody entered; and looking towards the door, he perceived it open. A gigantic figure, with a frightful aspect, stood before him, and continued to gaze upon him with silent severity. At last Brutus had courage to speak to it: "Art thou a dæmon, or a mortal man? and why comest thou to me?"—"Brutus," replied the phantom, "I am thy evil genius:

thou shalt see me again at Philippi."—"Well, then," answered Brutus, without being discomposed, "we shall meet again." Upon this the phantom vanished; and Brutus, calling to his servants, asked if they had seen anything, to which, they replying in the negative, he again resumed his studies. But as he was struck with so strange an occurrence, he mentioned it the next day to Cassius, who, being an Epicurean, ascribed it to the effect of an imagination too much exercised by vigilance and anxiety. Brutus appeared satisfied with this solution of his late terrors; and as Antony and Augustus were now advanced into Macedonia, he and his colleague passed over into Thrace, and drew near to the city of Philippi, where the forces of the Triumviri were posted to receive them.

NO. 42. THE BATTLE OF PHILIPPI.

ALL mankind now began to regard the approaching armies with terror and suspense. The empire of the world depended upon the fate of a battle; as, from victory on one side, they had to expect freedom; but from the other, a sovereign with absolute command. Brutus was the only man who looked upon these great events before him with calmness and tranquillity. Indifferent as to success, and satisfied with having done his duty, he said to one of his friends, "If I gain the

victory, I shall restore liberty to my country : if I lose it by dying, I shall be delivered from slavery myself. My condition is fixed, and I run no hazards." The republican army consisted of eighty thousand foot, and twenty thousand horse. The army of the Triumviri amounted to a hundred thousand foot, and thirteen thousand horse. Thus; complete on both sides, they met and encamped near each other upon the plains of Philippi, a city upon the confines of Thrace. This city was situated upon a mountain, towards the west of which a plain stretched itself, by a gentle declivity, almost fifteen leagues to the banks of the river Strymon. In this plain, about two miles from the town, were two little hills, about a mile distant from each other, defended on one side by mountains, on the other by a marsh, which communicated with the sea. It was upon these two hills that Brutus and Cassius fixed their camps: Brutus on the hill towards the north, Cassius on that towards the south; and in the intermediate space which separated them, they cast up lines and a parapet from one hill to the other. Thus, they kept a firm communication between the two camps, which mutually defended each other.

In this commodious situation they could act as they thought proper, and give battle only when it was thought to their advantage to engage. Behind them was the sea, which furnished them

with all kinds of provisions ; and, at twelve miles' distance, the island of Thasos, which served them for a general magazine. The Triumviri, on the other hand, were encamped on the plain below, and were obliged to bring their provisions from fifteen leagues' distance ; so that their scheme and interest were to bring on a battle as soon as they could. This they offered several times, drawing out their men from their camp, and provoking the enemy to engage.

On the contrary, these contented themselves with drawing up their troops at the head of their camps, but without descending to the plain. This resolution of postponing the battle was all that the republican army had for it ; and Cassius, who was aware of his advantage, resolved to harass the enemy rather than engage them. But Brutus began to suspect the fidelity of some of his officers, so that he used all his influence to persuade Cassius to change his resolution. "I am impatient," said he, "to put an end to the miseries of mankind ; and in that I have hopes of succeeding, whether I fall or conquer." His wishes were soon gratified ; for Antony's soldiers, having with great labour made a road through the marsh which lay to the left of Cassius' camp, by that means opened a communication with the island of Thasos which lay behind them. Both armies, in attempting to possess themselves of this road, resolved at length to come to a general engagement.

This, however, was contrary to the advice of Cassius, who declared that he was forced, as Pompey had formerly been, to expose the liberty of Rome to the hazard of a battle. The ensuing morning the two generals gave the signal for engaging, and conferred together a little while before the battle began. Cassius desired to know how Brutus intended to act, in case they were unsuccessful, to which the other replied, "That he had formerly, in his writings, condemned the death of Cato, and maintained that, to avoid calamities by suicide was an insolent attempt against Heaven that sent them; but he had now altered his opinions, and, having given up his life to his country, he thought he had a right to his own way of ending it; he was, therefore, resolved to change a miserable being here for a better hereafter, if fortune proved against him." "Well said, my friend!" cried Cassius, embracing him; "now we may venture to face the enemy; for either we shall be conquerors ourselves, or we shall have no cause to fear those that are so." Augustus being sick, the forces of the Triumviri were commanded alone by Antony, who began the engagement by a vigorous attack upon the lines of Cassius. Brutus, on the other side, made a dreadful irruption on the army of Augustus, and drove forward with so much intrepidity, that he broke them upon the very first charge. Upon this, he penetrated as far as the camp, and, cutting to pieces those who were left

for its defence, his troops immediately began to plunder; but, in the meantime, the lines of Cassius were forced, and his cavalry put to flight. There was no effort that this unfortunate general did not use to make his infantry stand, stopping those that fled, and seizing himself the colours to rally them. But his own valour alone was not sufficient to inspire his timorous army; despairing, therefore, of success, he caused himself to be slain by one of his freedmen. Brutus was soon informed of the defeat of Cassius, and soon after of his death, as he drew near the camp. He seemed scarcely able to restrain the excess of his grief for a man whom he called the last of the Romans.

But his first care, when he became the sole general, was to assemble the dispersed troops of Cassius, and animate them with fresh hopes of victory. As they had lost all they possessed by the plundering of their camp, he promised them two thousand denarii each man to make up their losses. Inspired with new ardour, they admired the liberality of their general, and with loud shouts proclaimed his former intrepidity. Still, however, he had not confidence sufficient to face the adversary, who offered him battle the ensuing day. His aim was to starve his enemies, who were in extreme want of provisions, their fleet having been lately defeated. But his single opinion was overruled by the rest of his army,

who now grew every day more confident in their strength, and more arrogant to their new general. He was therefore at last, after a respite of twenty days, obliged to comply with their solicitations to try the fate of a battle. Both armies being drawn out, they remained a long while opposite to each other, without offering to engage. But it is said that he himself had lost much of his natural ardour, by having seen a spectre the night preceding; however, he encouraged his men as much as possible, and gave the signal for another battle. As usual, he had the advantage where he commanded in person, bearing down the enemy at the head of his infantry, and, supported by his cavalry, making a very great slaughter. But the troops which had belonged to Cassius communicating their terror to the rest of the forces, at last the whole army gave way. Brutus, surrounded by the most valiant of his officers, fought for a long time with amazing valour. The son of Cato fell fighting by his side, as also the brother of Cassius; so that at last he was obliged to yield to necessity, and fled. In the mean time, the two Triumviri, now assured of a victory, expressly ordered by no means to suffer the general to escape, for fear he should renew the war. Thus the whole body of the enemy seemed chiefly intent on Brutus alone, and his capture seemed inevitable. In this deplorable exigence, Lucilius, his friend, was resolved by his own death to effect

his general's delivery. Upon perceiving a body of Thracian horse closely pursuing Brutus, and just upon the point of taking him, he boldly threw himself in their way, telling them that he was Brutus. The Thracians, overjoyed with so great a prize, immediately despatched some of their companions with the news of their success to the army. Upon this, the ardour of the pursuit now abating, Antony marched out to meet his prisoner, to hasten his death, or to insult his misfortunes. He was followed by a great number of officers and soldiers, some silently deploring the fate of so virtuous a man; others reproaching that mean desire of life for which he consented to undergo captivity. Antony, now seeing the Thracians approach, began to prepare himself for the interview; but the faithful Lucilius, advancing with a cheerful air, "It is not Brutus," said he, "that is taken: fortune has not yet had the power of committing so great an outrage upon virtue. As for my life, it is well spent in preserving his honour: take it, for I have deceived you." Antony, struck with so much fidelity, pardoned him upon the spot; and from that time forward loaded him with benefits, and honoured him with his friendship.

In the meantime, Brutus, with a small number of friends, passed over a rivulet, and, night coming on, sat down under a rock, which concealed him from the pursuit of the enemy. After taking

breath for a little time, and casting his eyes to heaven, he repeated a line from Euripides, containing a wish to the gods; "that guilt should not pass in this life without punishment." To this he added another from the same poet: "O virtue! thou empty name! I have worshipped thee as a real good, but thou art only the slave of fortune." He then, with great tenderness, called to mind those whom he had seen perish in battle, and sent out one Statilius to give him some information of those that remained; but he never returned, being killed by a party of the enemy's horse. Brutus, judging very rightly of his fate, now resolved to die likewise, and spoke to those who stood around him to lend him their last sad assistance. None of them, however, would render him so melancholy a service. He therefore called to one of his slaves to perform what he so ardently desired; but Strato, his tutor, offered himself, crying out, "That it should never be said that Brutus, in his last extremity, stood in need of a slave for want of a friend." Thus saying, and averting his head, he presented the sword's point to Brutus, who threw himself upon it, and immediately expired, in the forty-third year of his age.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

No. 43. PATRIOTISM.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

 This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,

 From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand !
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;

And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

SCOTT.

No. 44. THE TALE OF THE TWO OFFAS.

THERE was once a king who reigned over the Angles, whose name was Wærmund. He had but one son, whose name was Offa; he was a tall youth and fair, but he was dumb. Moreover, he had been born blind, and saw nothing till he was of the age of seven years. Now when King Wærmund grew old and Offa his son was about thirty years old, men began to say, "Lo, Wærmund is old, and will soon die, and Offa his son is dumb; how can a dumb man reign over the people of the Angles?" Now there was one of the nobles of the Angles whose name was Rigan. And Rigan went to King Wærmund and said, "O King, thou art old, and thou hast no son save this Offa who is dumb, and a dumb man cannot reign over the people of the Angles. Now behold me here, and choose me, that I may be unto

thee as another son while thou livest, and that when thou diest I may be thine heir and reign in thy stead." But King Wærmund said to Rigan, "Thou shalt not be my son, neither will I give my kingdom for thee to reign over." So Rigan gathered himself together an host to fight against King Wærmund. Then King Wærmund gathered together his aldermen and his Thanes and all his wise men, and said unto them, "What shall we do, seeing Rigan cometh with an host to fight against us?" And they made a truce with Rigan, so that he and certain of his captains came and spake with the King and his wise men. And they sat for many days doubting what they should do, and one spake on this manner and another spake on that manner. For they would not that a dumb man should reign over them, and yet it pleased them not to cast aside the royal house which had so long reigned over the people of the Angles. Now on the last day Offa, the King's son, came and sat among the wise men. For though he was dumb, yet could he hear and understand the words that men spake. So when he heard men say that he was not fit to reign over the people of the Angles, it grieved him to the heart, and he wept. And when he was greatly moved, lo, the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake among the wise men and said, "This now is wickedness, that any man should seek to drive me out of the seat of my

fathers, so that a stranger should reign instead of me over the people of the Angles. Who is this Rigan that he should rise up against his lord the King and come with an host to fight against him? Now therefore, if he will stand up against me to battle, I will smite him and all that abide with him, but all that will abide with me and fight against him, them will I greatly honour." So all men greatly wondered when they heard the dumb speak, and saw that he whom they despised had a strong heart within him. And the more part of them that had followed Rigan were afraid and went forth. But Rigan tarried yet awhile, and defied the King and his son, and then went forth also. Then the wise men said to the King, "O King, thy son is of age and hath a stout heart; let him be girded with the belt of a man of war, and let him lead us forth to battle against Rigan and them that are with him."

So Offa was girded with the belt of a man of war, and he went forth to fight against Rigan and his host. Now Rigan had two sons; the name of the elder was Hildebrand, and the name of the younger was Swegen. And Hildebrand came forth to fight against Offa, but Offa smote him that he died. And when Swegen came to help his brother, Offa smote him also that he died. So when Rigan saw that both his sons were dead, he fled, and was drowned in crossing a certain river. So Offa returned to Wærmund his father

with great joy. And Wærmund gave up his kingdom to his son, and Offa reigned over the people of the Angles for many winters, and all the kings that were round about honoured him.

Now after many years there was a man of the Angles who dwelt in Mercia, whose name was Thingferth, and he was of the seed royal of the Mercians, and he was an alderman under his kinsman the King. Now Thingferth had but one son, whose name was Winfrith. And the child was lame, blind, and deaf from his birth; so that his parents had great sorrow of heart. So they made a vow to God that, if He would of His mercy make the child whole, they would build a goodly monastery to His honour. Now after a while there arose in Mercia a king named Beornred, who was not of the seed royal. Wherefore he sought to slay all that were kinsfolk of the kings that had reigned before him. And when Thingferth heard this, he fled, and his wife with him. But the lad Winfrith was left behind, for Beornred sought not to slay him; for he counted that one who was deaf and blind and lame should never trouble his kingdom. And when Winfrith was left alone, God had pity on him, and He opened his eyes and he saw. Then he stretched forth his limbs and he walked. Lastly his ears were opened, and he essayed to speak and he spake plain. And he grew and waxed strong and became a mighty man of valour. Then men said,

"Lo, this youth is like Offa in the old time, who spake not till Rigan came to fight against Wærmund his father." So his name was no longer called Winfrith, but Offa. And all men that hated Beornred and loved the house of the old kings, gathered themselves unto Offa, and he became their captain.

Now Beornred heard that Winfrith lived and had waxed mighty, and that men no longer called him Winfrith but Offa, and it grieved him sore, and he repented that he had spared Winfrith and had not slain him when he sought to slay the house of his father. So Beornred gathered him an host to fight against Offa and the men that were with him. And when Offa heard of it, he gathered together all his friends and all the men that followed him, even a great host, and went forth to the battle against Beornred. And the battle waxed very sore, but towards eventide Beornred was smitten that he died, and they that were with him fled, and were scattered every man to his own home. Then all men came to Offa and said, "Lo, thou hast vanquished Beornred the tyrant, and thou art of the house of our old kings. Reign thou therefore over us, and we will serve thee and follow thee whithersoever thou ledest us." So they set the crown royal upon his head, and he reigned over all the people of the Angles that dwelt in Mercia. He sent for his parents back into the land, and when they died he buried

them with great honour. So Offa was king, and he waxed mighty, and he smote the Welsh oft-times, and he warred mightily with the other kings of the Angles and Saxons that were in Britain. Moreover, he made a league with Charles, the king of the Franks, for that they two were the mightiest of all the kings that dwelt in the western lands. Moreover, he forgot not his father's vow, but he built a goodly minster and caused monks to serve God therein. And he called it by the name of Alban, who was the first martyr of Christ in the isle of Britain in the old time when the Romans dwelt therein. And he built the minster hard by the town of Verulam, where Alban had died. And men came to dwell round about the minster, so that there was a new town, and men called the name of that town no longer Verulam but Saint Albans.

And Offa reigned thirty-nine winters, and he died, and they buried him in a chapel by the river of Ouse, hard by the town of Bedford. But there was a great flood in the river, which swept away the chapel and the tomb and the body of the great King Offa, so that no man knoweth where he lieth to this day.

EL. A. FREEMAN.

No. 45. THE FALL OF THE YEAR.

AUTUMN departs—but still his mantle's fold
Rests on the groves of noble Somerville,
Beneath a shroud of russet drooped with gold
Tweed and his tributaries mingle still;
Hoarser the wind, and deeper sounds the rill,
Yet lingering notes of sylvan music swell,
The deep-toned cushat, and the redbreast shrill;
And yet some tints of summer splendour tell
When the broad sun sinks down on Ettrick's
western fell.

Autumn departs—from Gala's fields no more
Come rural sounds our kindred banks to cheer;
Blent with the stream, and gale that wafts it
o'er,
No more the distant reaper's mirth we hear,
The last blithe shout hath died upon our ear,
And harvest-home hath hush'd the clanging
wain,
On the waste hill no forms of life appear,
Save where, sad laggard of the autumnal train
Some age-struck wanderer gleans few ears of
scatter'd grain.

SCOTT.

No. 46. THE STORY OF KING ALFRED
AND SAINT CUTHBERT.

Now King Alfred was driven from his kingdom by the Danes, and he lay hid for three years in the isle of Glastonbury. And it came to pass on a day that all his folk were gone out to fish, save only Alfred himself and his wife and one servant whom he loved. And there came a pilgrim to the King, and begged for food. And the King said to his servant, "What food have we in the house?" And his servant answered, "My Lord, we have but one loaf and a little wine." Then the King gave thanks to God, and said, "Give half of the loaf and half of the wine to this poor pilgrim. So the servant did as his lord commanded him, and gave to the pilgrim half of the loaf and half of the wine, and the pilgrim gave great thanks to the King. And when the servant returned, he found the loaf whole, and the wine as much as there had been aforetime. And he greatly wondered, and he wondered also how the pilgrim had come into the isle, for that no man could come there save by water, and the pilgrim had no boat. And the King greatly wondered also. And at the ninth hour came back the folk who had gone to fish. And they had three boats full of fish, and they said, "Lo, we have caught more fish this day than in all the

three years that we have tarried in this island." And the King was glad, and he and his folk were merry; yet he pondered much upon that which had come to pass. And when night came, the King went to his bed with Ealhswith his wife. And the Lady slept, but the King lay awake and thought of all that had come to pass by day. And presently he saw a great light, like the brightness of the sun, and he saw an old man with black hair, clothed in priest's garments, and with a mitre on his head, and holding in his right hand a book of the Gospels adorned with gold and gems. And the old man blessed the King, and the King said unto him, "Who art thou?" And he answered, "Alfred, my son, rejoice; for I am he to whom thou didst this day give thine alms, and I am called Cuthbert the soldier of Christ. Now be strong and very courageous, and be of joyful heart, and hearken diligently to the things which I say unto thee; for henceforth I will be thy shield and thy friend, and I will watch over thee and over thy sons after thee. And now I will tell thee what thou must do. Rise up early in the morning, and blow thine horn thrice, that thine enemies may hear it and fear, and by the ninth hour thou shalt have around thee five hundred men harnessed for the battle. And this shall be a sign unto thee that thou mayest believe. And after seven days thou shalt have by God's gift and my help all the folk

of this land gathered unto thee upon the mount that is called Assandun. And thus shalt thou fight against thine enemies, and doubt not that thou shalt overcome them. Be thou therefore glad of heart, and be strong and very courageous, and fear not, for God hath given thine enemies into thine hand. And He hath given thee also all this land and the Kingdom of thy fathers, to thee and to thy sons and to thy sons' sons after thee. Be thou faithful to me and to my folk, because that unto thee is given all the land of Albion. Be thou righteous, because thou art chosen to be the King of all Britain. So may God be merciful unto thee, and I will be thy friend, and none of thine enemies shall ever be able to overcome thee." Then was King Alfred glad at heart, and he was strong and very courageous, for that he knew that he would overcome his enemies by the help of God and Saint Cuthbert his patron. So in the morning he arose, and sailed to the land, and blew his horn three times, and when his friends heard it they rejoiced, and when his enemies heard it they feared. And by the ninth hour, according to the word of the Lord, there were gathered unto him five hundred men of the bravest and dearest of his friends. And he spake unto them and told them all that God had said unto them, by the mouth of his servant Cuthbert, and he told them that, by the gift of God and by the help of Saint Cuthbert,

they would overcome their enemies and win back their own land. And he bade them, as Saint Cuthbert had taught him, to be pious towards God and righteous towards men. And he bade his son Edward, who was by him, to be faithful to God and Saint Cuthbert, and so he should always have the victory over his enemies. So they went forth to battle and smote their enemies and overcame them, and King Alfred took the Kingdom of all Britain,* and he ruled well and wisely over the just and the unjust for the rest of his days.

E. A. FREEMAN.

No. 47. THE STORY OF EDWIN THE
ÆTHELING.

YOU have heard how Alfred the Ætheling conspired against King Æthelstan and sought to blind him in the city of Winchester, and how Alfred went to the great city of Rome and made oath before the Pope that he was innocent, and how the judgment of God showed that he was guilty. Then came evil men to King Æthelstan and spake falsely to him, saying, "Lo thy brother Edwin the Ætheling is one of them who had part with Alfred, and he also seeketh to take away thy life." And he who was the chief of them

* The writer seems to have had very little notion of the division of the land between Alfred and Guthorm.—(*Mr. Freeman's note.*)

who told this false tale was the King's cup-bearer. Now when Edwin the Ætheling heard this, he sent messengers to his brother the King, saying, "Believe not these men, for I am guiltless of this thing." But the King hearkened not. So Edwin the Ætheling came himself to his brother the King, and he made oath before the King, as men make oath when they are charged with any grievous crime, and he swore that he had not done this thing, and that he had never sought to slay or to blind Æthelstan his brother. Howbeit King Æthelstan believed not Edwin his brother, but hearkened to the voice of his cup-bearer and of the other men who spake against him. And the King said, "I will not slay Edwin, for that he is my brother, and I fear to have my brother's blood on my head; yet will I send him out of the land, and I will so send him out of the land that haply he may die as he goeth." So the King commanded, and they put Edwin the Ætheling, and one that was his armour-bearer, into a boat, and bade them sail away where they would. But the boat was old and leaky, and they had neither oars nor rudder to guide it. So the winds drave them into the midst of the sea, and no small tempest lay on them, and the heart of Edwin the Ætheling failed him. And he said, "It is better for me to die once than to live thus in fear of death." So he leaped into the sea and was drowned. But his armour-bearer took up his

body, and he let the boat drift when the wind was for him, and he rowed as he might with his feet when the wind was against him, till he came to the haven of Witsand in Gaul, which is over against Dover. And when King Æthelstan heard this, he was grieved, and his heart smote him, saying, "I have slain my brother." And he did penance in the church for seven years, as one that had slain his brother. And when the seven years were accomplished, he held a royal feast on a solemn day, and his cup-bearer served him as of old. And as the cup-bearer gave the King wine to drink, his foot slipped, and he bore himself up with the other foot, so that he fell not. And he said, "So brother helpeth brother." And King Æthelstan said, "Yea, brother helpeth brother, and I once had a brother who might have helped me, but thou didst beguile me that I slew him." And King Æthelstan wept and groaned for the death of Edwin his brother, and he bade the men that were with him seize the cup-bearer and smite off his head, for that he was the murderer of Edwin.

E. A. FREEMAN.

No. 48. A COUNTRY WALK.

ON one of those delicious autumnal days, when the air, the sky, and the earth seemed lulled into an universal calm, softer and milder even

than May, we sallied forth for a walk, avoiding the bright and sunny common and the gay high-road, and stealing through shady and unfrequented lanes.

The harvest is nearly over, the fields are deserted, the silence may almost be felt. Except the wintry notes of the red-breast, Nature herself is mute. But how beautiful, how gentle, how harmonious, how rich ! The rain has preserved to the herbage all the freshness and verdure of spring, and the world of leaves has lost nothing of its midsummer brightness, and the harebell is on the banks, and the woodbine in the hedges, and the low furze, which the lambs cropped in the spring, has burst again into its golden blossoms.

All is beautiful that the eye can see ; perhaps the more beautiful for being shut in with a forest-like closeness. We have no prospect in this labyrinth of lanes, cross-roads, mere cart-ways, leading to the innumerable little farms into which this part of the parish is divided. Uphill or down, these quiet woody lanes scarcely give us a peep at the world, except when, leaning over a gate, we look into one of the small enclosures, hemmed in with hedgerows, so closely set with growing timber, that the meady opening looks almost like a glade in a wood, or when some cottage, planted at a corner of one of the little greens formed by the meeting of these cross-ways,

almost startles us by the unexpected sight of the dwellings of men in such a solitude.

Ah! here is the hedge along which the periwinkle wreathes and twines so profusely, with its evergreen leaves shining like the myrtle, and its starry blue flowers. It is seldom found wild in this part of England; but, when we do meet with it, it is so abundant and so welcome—the very robin redbreast of flowers, a winter friend. Unless in those unfrequent frosts which destroy all vegetation, it blossoms from September to June, surviving the last lingering crane's-bill, fore-running the earliest primrose, hardier even than the mountain daisy—peeping out from beneath the snow, looking at itself in the ice, smiling through the tempests of life, and yet welcoming and enjoying the sunbeams.

The little spring that has been bubbling under the hedge all along the hill-side, begins, now that we have mounted the eminence and are imperceptibly descending, to deviate into a capricious variety of clear, deep pools and channels, so narrow and so choked with weeds that a child might overstep them. The hedge has also changed its character. It is no longer the close, compact vegetable wall of hawthorn, and maple, and briar-roses, intertwined with bramble and woodbine, and crowned with large elms or thickly set saplings. No! the pretty meadow which rises high above us, backed and almost surrounded by

a tall coppice, needs no defence on our side but its own steep bank, garnished with tufts of broom, with pollard oaks wreathed with ivy, and here and there with long patches of hazel overhanging the water.

MISS MITFORD.

No. 49. ROBINSON CRUSOE ATTACKED
BY WOLVES.

WE had one dangerous place to pass, where our guide told us, if there were any more wolves in the country, we should find them; and this was in a small plain, surrounded with woods on every side, and a long, narrow defile or lane, which we were to pass to get through the wood, and then we should come to the village where we were to lodge.

It was within half-an-hour of sunset when we entered the first wood, and a little after sunset, when we came into the plain; we met with nothing in the first wood, except that, in a little plain within the wood, we saw five great wolves cross the road, full speed one after another, as if they had been in chase of some prey, and had it in view; they took no notice of us, and were gone, and out of our sight in a few moments.

We kept our arms ready, and our eyes about us, but we saw no more wolves, till we came through that wood, and entered the plain; as

soon as we came into the plain, we had occasion enough to look about us ; the first object we met with was a dead horse ; that is to say, a poor horse which the wolves had killed, and at least a dozen of them around him.

We did not think fit to disturb them at their feast, neither did they take much notice of us. We were not gone half over the plain, when we began to hear the wolves howl in the wood on our left in a frightful manner. The night was coming on, and the light began to be dusky, which made it worse on our side ; but the noise increasing, we could easily perceive that it was the howling and yelling of those horrible creatures ; and on a sudden we perceived two or three troops of wolves, one on our left, one behind us, and one on our front ; so that we seemed to be surrounded with them. However, as they did not fall upon us, we kept our way forward, as fast as we could make our horses go, which, the way being very rough, was only a good trot ; and in this manner we came in view of the entrance of a wood, through which we were to pass, at the farther side of the plain ; but we were greatly surprised, when coming nearer the lane or pass, we saw a confused number of wolves standing just at the entrance.

This filled us with horror, and we knew not what course to take, but the creatures resolved us soon ; for they gathered about us presently, in

hopes of prey; and I verily believe there were three hundred of them. It happened very much to our advantage, that at the entrance into the wood, but a little way from it, there lay some large timber trees, which had been cut down the summer before, and I suppose lay there for carriage; I drew my little troop in among those trees, and placing ourselves in a line, behind one long tree, I advised them all to alight, and keeping that tree before us for a breast-work, to stand in a triangle, or three fronts, enclosing our horses in the centre.

We did so, and it was well we did; for never was a more furious charge than the creatures made upon us in the place; they came on us with a growling kind of noise (and mounted the piece of timber, which, as I said, was our breast-work) as if they were only rushing upon their prey; and this fury of theirs, it seems, was principally occasioned by their seeing our horses behind us, which was the prey they aimed at. I ordered our men to fire as before, every other man; and they took their aim so sure, that indeed they killed several of the wolves at the first volley; but there was a necessity to keep a continual firing, for they came on like devils, those behind pushing on those before.

When we had fired our second volley of our fuses, we thought they stopped a little, and I hoped they would have gone off; but it was but

a moment; for others came forward again; so we fired two volleys of our pistols, and I believe in these four firings we had killed seventeen or eighteen of them, and lamed twice as many; yet they came on again.

I was loth to spend our last shot too hastily, so I called my servant, and giving him a horn of powder, I bade him lay a train all along the piece of timber, and let it be a large train; he did so, and had but just time to get away, when the wolves come up to it, and some were got up upon it; when I, snapping an uncharged pistol close to the powder, set it on fire. Those that were upon the timber were scorched with it, and six or seven of them fell, or rather jumped in among us with the force and fright of the fire; we dispatched these in an instant, and the rest were so frightened with the light, which the night, for it was now very near dark, made more terrible, that they drew back a little.

Upon which I ordered our last pistol to be fired off in one volley, and after that we gave a shout; upon this the wolves turned tail, and we sallied immediately upon near twenty lame ones, who we found struggling on the ground, and fell to cutting them with our swords, which answered our expectation; for the crying and howling they made was better understood by their fellows, so that they all fled and left us.

We had, first and last, killed about three score

of them; and had it been daylight, we had killed many more. The field of battle being thus cleared, we made forward again, for we had still near a league to go. We heard the ravenous creatures howl and yell in the woods as we went several times; and sometimes we fancied we saw some of them, but the snow dazzling our eyes, we were not certain; so in about an hour more we came to the town where we were to lodge for the night.

DEFOE.

No. 50. CHEVY CHACE.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all :
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chace befall :
To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way :
The child may rue that is unborn,
The hunting of that day.
The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take ;
The chiefest harts in Chevy Chace
To kill and bear away.—
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay ;

Who sent Earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport :
The English earl not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deer ;
On Monday they began to hunt
When daylight did appear ;

And long before high noon, they had
A hundred fat bucks slain ;
Then, having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure ;
And all their rear with special care,
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went
To view the slaughtered deer ;
Quoth he, " Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here :

"But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay."—

With that, a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say:

"Lo! yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright:
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight;

"All men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the river Tweed."—

"Then cease your sports" Earl Percy said,
"And take your bows with speed:

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter, man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

"Show me," said he, "whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here;
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow deer."

The first man that did answer make
Was noble Percy, he ;
Who said, " We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be :

" Yet will we spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say :—

" Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die :
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord Percy, so am I.

" But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

" Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside."—

" Accursed be he," Earl Percy said,
" By whom this is denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, " I would not have it told
To Henry our king, for shame,

" That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.—

You be two earls," quoth Witherington,
" And I a squire alone :

"I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have strength to stand ;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true ;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,
As chieftain stout and good ;
As valiant captain, all unmoved,
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and tried ;
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound ;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground ;

And throwing straight their bows away,
They grasped their swords so bright :
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

And oh ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might :
Like lions wode, they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel ;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said,
"In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advanced be,
By James, our Scottish king.

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," quoth Earl Percy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn ;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born."

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow ;

Who never spoke more words than these,
 "Fight on my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
 Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
 The dead man by the hand,
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
 Would I had lost my land!

"Ah me! my very heart doth bleed
 With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more redoubted knight
 Mischance did never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
 Which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
 Upon the Lord Percy:

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he called;
 Who with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
 Ran fiercely through the fight;
And passed the English archers all,
 Without all dread or fear:
And through Earl Percy's body then
 He thrust his hateful spear:

With such a vehement force and might
 He did his body gore,
The spear went through the other side
 A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain :
An English archer then perceived
The noble earl was slain ;
He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree ;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he :
Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The grey-goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.
This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun,
For when they rung the evening bell,
The battle scarce was done.
With stout Earl Percy there was slain
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliffe, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold baron :
And, with Sir George, and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.
For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps,
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratchliffe, too,
His sister's son was he ;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell, in like case,
Did with Earl Douglas die ;
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three ;
The rest in Chevy Chace were slain,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail ;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple gore,
They bore with them away ;
They kissed them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edenborrow,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain :

"O heavy news!" King James did say,
"Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy Chace.

"Now God be with him," said our king,
"Sith 'twill no better be;
I trust I have within my realm,
Five hundred as good as he.

"Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take;
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king performed,
After, at Humbledown;
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of high renown;

And of the rest of small account
Did many hundreds die.—
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy Chace,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king! and bless this land,
With plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
"Twixt noblemen may cease.

OLD BALLAD.

No. 51. THE STORY OF A SUMMER DAY.

O PERFECT Light, which shaid away
The darkness from the light,
And set a ruler o'er the day,
Another o'er the night;

Thy glory, when the day forth flies,
More vively does appear,
Than at midday unto our eyes
The shining sun is clear.

The shadow of the earth anon
Removes and drawès by,
While in the east, when it is gone,
Appears a clearer sky.

Which soon perceive the little larks,
The lapwing and the snipe,
And tune their songs, like Nature's clerks,
O'er meadow, muir, and stripe.

Our hemisphere is polished clean,
And lightened more and more;
While everything is clearly seen,
Which seemèd dim before:

Except the glistening astres bright,
Which all the night were clear,
Offuskèd with a greater light
No longer do appear.

The golden globe incontinent
Sets up his shining head,
And o'er the earth and firmament
Displays his beams abroad.

For joy the birds with boulden throats
Against his visage sheen
Take up their kindly music notes
In woods and gardens green.

The dew upon the tender crops,
Like pearls white and round,
Or like to melted silver drops,
Refreshes all the ground.

The misty reek, the clouds of rain
From tops of mountains skails,
Clear are the highest hills and plain,
The vapours take the vales.

The ample heaven, of fabric sure,
In cleanness does surpass
The crystal and the silver pure,
Or clearest polished glass.

The time so tranquil is and still,
That no where shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
An air of peeping wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Than they were painted on a wall,
No more they move or stoir.

Calm is the deep and purple sea,
Yea, smoother than the sand ;
The waves, that weltering wont to be,
Are stable like the land.

So silent is the cœsile air,
That every cry and call,
The hills and dales and forest fair
Again repeats them all.

The flourishes and fragrant flowers,
Through Phœbus' fostering heat,
Refreshed with dew and silver showers,
Cast up an odour sweet.

The cloggèd busy humming bees,
That never think to drone,
On flowers and flourishes of trees,
Collect their liquor brown.

The sun, most like a speedy post,
With ardent course ascends ;
The beauty of the heavenly host
Up to our zenith tends ;

Not guided by a Phaëthon,
Not trained in a chair,
But by the high and holy One,
Who does all where empire.

The burning beams down from his face
So fervently can beat,
That man and beast now seek a place
To save them from the heat.

The herds beneath some leafy tree,
Amidst the flowers they lie ;
The stable ships upon the sea
Tend up their sails to dry.

With gilded eyes and open wings,
The cock his courage shows ;
With claps of joy his breast he dings,
And twenty times he crows.

The dove with whistling wings so blue
The winds can fast collect,
Her purple pens turn many a hue
Against the sun direct.

Now noon is went ; gone is midday,
The heat does slake at last,
The sun descends down west away,
For three of clock is past.

The rayons of the sun we see
Diminish in their strength,
The shade of every tower and tree
Extended is in length.

Great is the calm, for everywhere
The wind is setting down,
The reek throws right up in the air
From every tower and town.

The gloming comes, the day is spent,
The sun goes out of sight,
And painted is the occident
With purple sanguine bright.

The scarlet nor the golden thread,
Who would their beauty try,
Are nothing like the colour red
And beauty of the sky.

Our west horizon circular,
From time the sun be set,
Is all with rubies, as it were,
Or roses red o'erfret.

What pleasure were to walk and see,
Endlong a river clear,
The perfect form of every tree
Within the deep appear.

Oh then it were a seemly thing,
While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to play and sing
With cornet and with shalm!

All labourers draw home at even,
And can to other say,
Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
Which sent this summer day.

ALEXANDER HUME.

No. 52. TO MOUNTAIN DAISY

(ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH).

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat,
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise :
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
 Who long with wants and woes has striven,
 By human pride or cunning driven
 To misery's brink,
 Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
 He, ruined, sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine—no distant date ;
 Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom !
 BURNS.

No. 53. HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
 But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat, at dead of night
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery !

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven!
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven!
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery!

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly!

'Tis morn—but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy!

The combat deepens—On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

CAMPBELL.

No. 54. THE LESSON OF CREATION.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day
Pours knowledge in his golden ray,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of their birth ;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm their tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What, though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball !
What, though no real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found !
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

ADDISON.

No. 55. WILLIAM TELL.*

COME, list to me, and you shall hear

A tale of what befel

A famous man of Switzerland ;

His name was William Tell.

Near Reuss's bank, from day to day,

His little flock he led,

By prudent thrift, and hardy toil,

Content to earn his bread.

Nor was the hunter's craft unknown ;

In Uri none was seen

To track the rock-frequenting herd

With eye so true and keen.

A little son was in his home,

A laughing, fair-haired boy ;

So strong of limb, so blithe of heart,

He made it ring with joy.

His father's sheep were all his friends,

The lambs he called by name ;

And when they frolicked in the fields,

The child would share the game.

So peacefully their hours were spent

That life had scarce a sorrow ;

They took the good of every day,

And hoped for more to-morrow.

* In the centre of the little town of Altorf, near the Lake of Lucerne, there stands a stone fountain, surmounted with the figures of William Tell and his son. It is said to cover the spot on which the father stood when he took aim at the apple on his child's head.

But oft some shining April morn
Is darkened in an hour ;
And blackest griefs o'er joyous homes
Alas ! unseen may lower.

Not yet on Switzerland had dawned
Her day of liberty ;
The stranger's yoke was on her sons,
And pressed right heavily.

So one was sent in luckless hour,
To rule in Austria's name ;
A haughty man of savage mood,—
In pomp and pride he came.

One day, in wantonness of power,
He set his cap on high ;—
“ Bow down, ye slaves,” the order ran ;
“ Who disobeys shall die !”

It chanced that William Tell, that morn
Had left his cottage home,
And, with his little son in hand,
To Altorf town had come.

For oft the boy had eyed the spoil,
His father homeward bore,
And prayed to join the hunting crew,
When they should roam for more.

And often on some merry night,
When wondrous feats were told,
He longed his father's bow to take,
And be a hunter bold.

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So towards the chamois' haunts they went,—

One sang his childish songs,
The *other* brooded mournfully
O'er Uri's griefs and wrongs.

Tell saw the crowd, the lifted cap,

The tyrant's angry frown,—
And heralds shouted in his ear,
"Bow down, ye slaves, bow down!"

Stern Gesler marked the peasant's mien,
And watched to see him fall ;
But never palm-tree straighter stood
Than Tell before them all.

"My knee shall bend," he calmly said,
"To God, and God alone ;
My life is in the Austrian's hand,
My conscience is my own."

"Seize him, ye guards," the ruler cried,
While passion choked his breath ;
"He mocks my power, he braves my lord,
He dies the traitor's death.

"Yet wait. The Swiss are marksmen true,
So all the world doth say ;
That fair-haired stripling hither bring ;
We'll try their skill to-day."

Hard by a spreading lime-tree stood,
To this the youth was bound ;
They placed an apple on his head ;—
He looked in wonder round.

"The fault is mine, if fault there be,"

Cried Tell in accents wild ;

"On manhood let your vengeance fall,

But spare, oh, spare my child !"

"I will not harm the pretty boy,"

Said Gesler tauntingly ;

"If blood of his shall stain the ground,

Yours will the murder be.

"Draw tight your bow, my cunning man,

Your straightest arrow take ;

For, know, yon apple is your mark,

Your liberty the stake."

A mingled noise of wrath and grief

Was heard among the crowd ;

The men, they muttered curses deep,

The women wept aloud.

Full fifty paces from his child,

His cross-bow in his hand,

With lip compressed, and flashing eye

Tell firmly took his stand.

Sure, full enough of pain and woe

This crowded earth has been ;

But never, since the curse began,

So sad a sight was seen.

The noble boy stood bravely up,

His cheek unblanched with fear ;

"Shoot straight," he cried, "thine aim is sure,

It will not fail thee here."

"Heaven bless thee now," the parent said,
"Thy courage shames me quite;"
Then to his ear the shaft he drew,
And watched its whizzing flight.

"'Tis done, 'tis done, the child is safe!"
Shouted the multitude:
"Man tramples on his brother man,
But God is ever good."

For, sure enough, the arrow went,
As by an angel guided;
In pieces two, beneath the tree,
The apple fell divided.

"'Twas bravely done," the ruler said,
"My plighted word I keep;
'Twas bravely done by sire and son—
Go home, and feed your sheep."

"No thanks I give thee for thy boon,"
The peasant coldly said;
"To God alone my praise is due,
And duly shall be paid.

"Yet know, proud man, thy fate was near
Had I but missed my aim;
Not unavenged my child had died,
Thy parting hour the same.

"For, see! a *second* shaft was here,
If harm my boy befel;
Now go and bless the heavenly powers,
My *first* has sped so well."

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God helped the right, God spared the sin,
He brings the proud to shame,
He guards the weak against the strong,—
Praise to his Holy name!

J. H. GURNEY.

No. 56. DEATH OF A COVENANTER.

THERE lived at this gloomy period, at a place called Preshill, or Priesthill, in Lanarkshire, a man named John Brown, a carrier by profession, and called, from his zealous religious principles, the Christian Carrier. This person had been out with the insurgents at Bothwell Bridge, and was for other reasons amenable to the cruelty of the existing laws. On a morning of May, 1685, Peden, one of the Cameronian ministers, whom Brown had sheltered in his house, took his leave of his host and his wife, repeating twice,—“Poor woman! a fearful morning—a dark and misty morning!”—words which were afterwards believed to be prophetic of calamity. When Peden was gone, Brown left his house with a spade in his hand for his ordinary labour, when he was suddenly surrounded and arrested by a band of horse, with Claverhouse at their head. Although the prisoner had a hesitation in his speech on ordinary occasions, he answered the questions which were put to him in this extremity with such composure and firmness, that Claverhouse asked whe-

ther he was a preacher. He was answered in the negative. "If he has not preached," said Claverhouse, "mickle hath he prayed in his time.—But betake you now to your prayers for the last time" (addressing the sufferer), "for you shall presently die." The poor man kneeled down and prayed with zeal; and when he was touching on the political state of the country, and praying that heaven would spare a remnant, Claverhouse, interrupting him, said, "I gave you leave to pray, and you are preaching." "Sir," answered the prisoner, turning towards his judge on his knees, "you know nothing either of preaching or praying, if you call what I now say preaching:" then continued without confusion. When his devotions were ended, Claverhouse commanded him to bid good-night to his wife and children. Brown turned towards them, and, taking his wife by the hand, told her that the hour was come which he had spoken of, when he first asked her consent to marry him. The poor woman answered firmly,—*"In this cause I am willing to resign you."* "Then have I nothing to do save to die," he replied; "and I thank God I have been in a frame to meet death for many years." He was shot dead by a party of soldiers at the end of his own house; and although his wife was of a nervous habit, and used to become sick at the sight of blood, she had on this occasion strength enough to support the dreadful scene without

fainting or confusion, only her eyes dazzled when the carbines were fired. While her husband's dead body lay stretched before him, Claverhouse asked her what she thought of her husband now. "I ever thought much of him," she replied, "and now more than ever." "It were but justice," said Claverhouse, "to lay thee beside him." "I doubt not," she replied, "that if you were permitted, your cruelty would carry you that length. But how will you answer for this morning's work?" "To men I can be answerable," said Claverhouse, "and heaven I will take in my own hand." He then mounted his horse and marched, and left her with the corpse of her husband lying beside her, and her fatherless infant in her arms. "She placed the child on the ground," says the narrative with scriptural simplicity, "tied up the corpse's head, and straightened the limbs, and covered him with her plaid, and sat down and wept over him."

SCOTT.

NOTES TO BOOK IV.

- P. 29. The Battle of Bannockburn was fought in 1314, between the armies of King Robert Bruce, for the maintenance of Scottish independence, and King Edward II. of England, who claimed the feudal sovereignty over Scotland.
- P. 36. James V., father of Mary Queen of Scots, died 1542, soon after his defeat by the English at Solway Moss.
- P. 41. Satyrs. Fabulous beings, who, according to the Pagan mythology, haunted woods.
- P. 43. Pique = a quarrel.
- P. 44. Consuls. The chief magistrates of the Roman Republic: two in number, and elected annually.
—— The Senate. Properly the "Assembly of Old Men," the most dignified body in the Republic.
- P. 48. The sun, when he hath, &c. Notice that sun has no verb connected with it, but is a nominative absolute.
—— Wet in the tears of her own kind = wet with the moisture which the earth herself puts forth.
- P. 53. No. 17. Chequered = divided with streaks drawn across it.
—— Orient pearls = pearls from the East.
- P. 54. The French Revolution was the greatest rising of the people against their government (which was stained with much selfishness and many abuses) of modern times. It began in 1789; overturned the government; brought the king (Louis XVI.) and his queen to the scaffold; and ended in the utmost

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excesses, which paved the way for the military despotism of Napoleon.

P. 57. No. 19. Linn = waterfall.

P. 63. Brake = brushwood or underwood.

P. 67. The battle of Agincourt, fought in 1415. King Henry V., surrounded by the French army in far larger numbers than his own, not only saved his army, but won a great victory.

P. 72. Magna Carta or Charta; won by the Barons from King John in 1215.

P. 75. The siege of Calais (1347) in the reign of Edward III. and in the early part of the so-called Hundred Years' War, begun by that king.

P. 80. The battle of Poitiers. Fought by Edward the Black Prince, son of Edward III., in 1356.

P. 86. The Spanish Armada. This attack by Spain on England was made in 1589, in the reign of Philip II. of Spain and Elizabeth of England. No effort was spared to make the armament formidable; and all the vast preparations of Spain were destroyed by a tempest.

— Mexico. Referring to the wealth drawn by Spain from her American colonies.

— Aurigny's isle = Alderney.

P. 87. Halberdiers = men at arms; from *halbert*, the long battle-axe which they carried.

— Lion of the Sea = the lion on the British flag.

— That famed Picard field = Crecy (1346).

P. 88. Semper eadem = "Always the same."

P. 91. No. 29. Her letting. "To let," is "to hinder"; as in Hamlet, "I'll make a ghost of him that lets me."

— The limning = the colouring.

— Pied butterfly = a variegated butterfly.

P. 94. Inch = island.

P. 101. No. 35. Write a paraphrase of the last stanza of this poem.

- P. 107. The tainted gale = the gale that bore to him the scent of the dogs.
- P. 108. The Duke of Wellington, died Sept. 14, 1852.
- P. 114. The battle of Philippi (in Macedonia), fought B.C. 42, between Brutus and Cassius on the one side, and the forces of the Triumvirs (who were Augustus, Antony, and Lepidus), on the other. Augustus and Antony were present at the battle. Brutus and Cassius had taken a prominent part in the assassination of Julius Cæsar, the uncle of Augustus.
- P. 116. Epicurean: one who, following the teaching of Epicurus, denied the interference of the gods in human affairs.
- P. 128. Mercia. The kingdom which lay in the central part of England.
- P. 130. Charles, the King of the Franks = Charles the Great, sometimes called Charlemagne, who was crowned as Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire in 800 A.D.
- P. 132. Alfred. Reigned from 871 to 901 A.D.
- P. 135. (*note*). The treaty between Alfred and the Danish king, Guthorm, by which the latter agreed to become a Christian, and to be baptised by the name of Athelstan, keeping however a large kingdom in the eastern part of England.
- P. 144. This ballad, written in its present form in the early part of the 15th century, is taken from a ballad still more ancient. Sir Philip Sidney tells us he never heard it, "that he found not his heart moved more than with a trumpet."
- P. 145. Present word = a speedy message.
— Quarry. Generally means "prey" or the spoils of sport: but here it seems to mean the inclosure into which the deer were driven.
- P. 146. Tividale = Teviotdale; like Chevy Chase = Cheviot Chace.

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- P. 146. Whose armour = and his armour. An old use of the relative pronoun.
- P. 147. Henry our king. Must refer to Henry IV. (1399-1413), or to Henry V. (1413-1422).
- P. 148. On the bent = on the slope.
- P. 149. Wode = mad. An old English word, still used in the broad Scotch dialect.
- They laid on load = they plied their blows.
- P. 150, line 5. Then (Earl Douglas) leaving life, Earl Percy took, &c.
- Cloth-yard = an ell.
- P. 151. In doleful dumps = in great grief. This was not in old English, as it now is, a comic expression; but one used to express great sorrow.
- P. 152. Clad in clay = buried.
- Edenborrow = Edinburgh.
- P. 153. Humbledown = Homildon Hill, where Hotspur, son of the Earl of Northumberland, won his victory over the Scots, in 1402. If this verse was written along with the rest, it proves the date of the poem to have been subsequent to this.
- Sith. Old form for *since*.
- P. 154. Which shaid away = who didst divide. To shed, an old verb, meaning to separate.
- Vively = vividly.
- Drawes, in old fashion, to be pronounced as two syllables.
- Muir = moor. Stripe = little stream.
- Astres = stars.
- Offusked = thrown into the shade.
- P. 155. Incontinent = at once.
- Abread = abroad.
- Boulden = swelled, inflated.
- Sheen = bright.
- Kindly music notes. Kindly here = taught by nature.

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